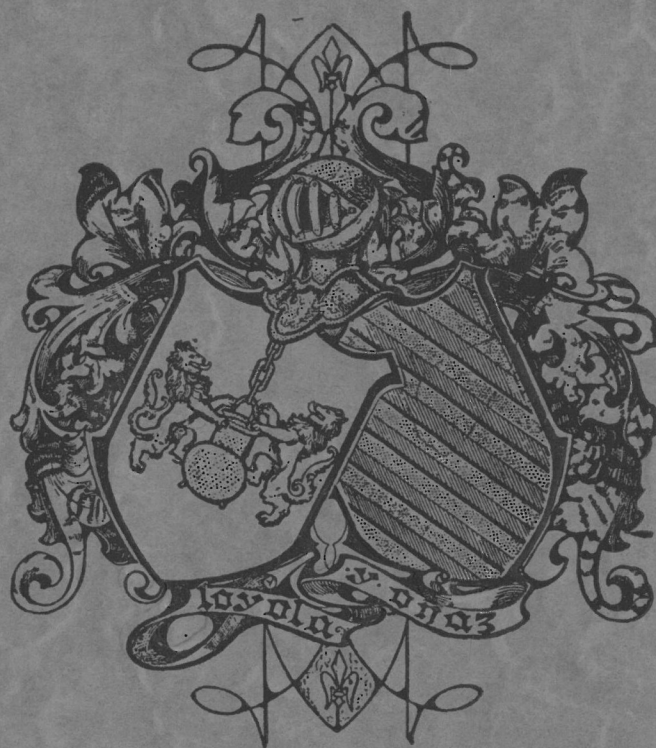


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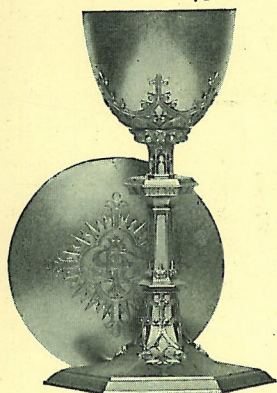
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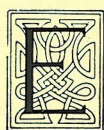




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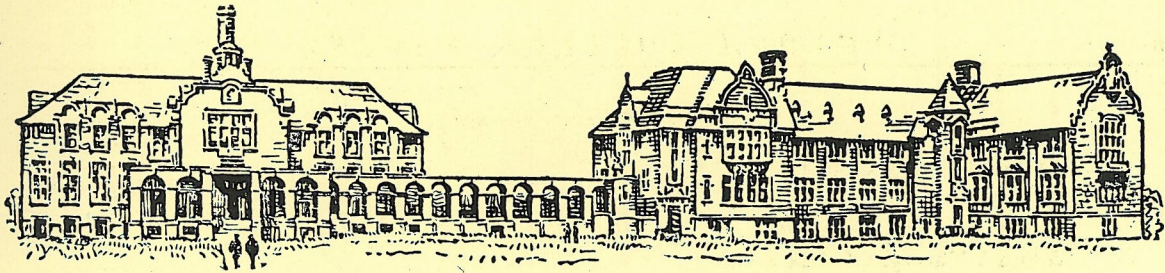
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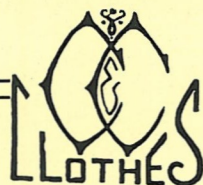
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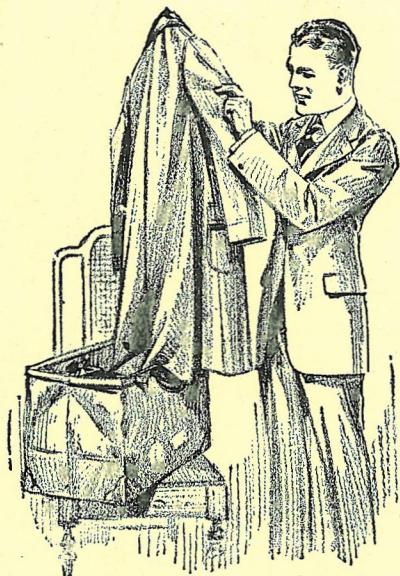
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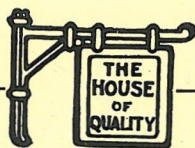
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## Foreword

Loyola College Review with this issue appears before the public for the fourth time.

The Review, therefore, is young. Like youth it is idealistic. It sees visions, and it dreams dreams,—it works from however afar off towards an ideal. It would be literary, it would be artistic, it would be interesting. But in these parlous times it dares not promise when this consummation will be fully realized.

Experience, especially of this year, shows the Review the wisdom of not promising overmuch. The demands and alarms of war have played havoc with its ordinary staff and contributors. They have dropped the pen and seized the sword. A younger class of reserves had to be summoned—less weighty, more youthful articles are sometimes the result.

The Editors trust their efforts will not make the judicious grieve. Conscious themselves of the Review's shortcomings, they would ask of all but especially of the critical and the hypercritical to allow for present conditions in passing judgments, recalling Pope's lines:

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”



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The Review this year introduced a Five Year Subscription Plan, by which, as a result of the kind response of practically all who were asked to become Five Year Subscribers, its circulation has been greatly increased. By this Five Year Plan, the Review hopes in a few years to have on its circulation lists everyone who is even remotely interested in College affairs.

To our Five Year Subscribers, whom it was possible to communicate with in the short period between the reception of Five Year Subscription forms and the date of going to press, the Review wishes to extend its most cordial thanks for their kind generosity, their encouragement, and their apparently indirect but very real support of Education.

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| Mrs. Cornelius Coughlin                          | B. A. Conroy, M.D.                             | Mrs. H. McLaughlin                                     |
| D. M. Coughlin                                   | G. W. Cook                                     | Rev. Corbett McRae<br><i>Dickinson's Landing, Ont.</i> |
| James W. Domville<br><i>Rosemere, Que.</i>       | Mrs. J. T. Cuddy                               | Mrs. G. F. Maguire<br><i>Quebec, Que.</i>              |
| G. F. Griffith, M.D.                             | The Misses Cuddy                               | Peter N. Marien  |
| Mrs. John J. Griffith<br><i>Sherbrooke, Que.</i> | E. R. Decary                                   | S. C. Marson   |
| Hon. J. J. Guerin, M.D., C.M.                    | Mrs. E. Desbarats                              | Mrs. C. Martin<br><i>Renfrew, Ont.</i>                 |
| John G. Hearn<br><i>Quebec, Que.</i>             | R. B. Dillon                                   | J. L. D. Mason, M.D.                                   |
| Lady Hingston                                    | W. Roy Dillon, B.A.<br><i>Ottawa, Ont.</i>     | H. J. Mayrand<br><i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i>                |
| Mrs. Walter Kavanagh                             | Richard Disette<br><i>Toronto, Ont.</i>        | Mrs. Leila Morrison                                    |
| Miles Lonergan<br><i>Quebec, Que.</i>            | Michael Doheny                                 | Mrs. P. Nadeau<br><i>Port Daniel East, Que.</i>        |
| J. G. McCarthy, M.D.                             | John Donohue                                   | M. J. O'Brien, Jr.<br><i>Renfrew, Ont.</i>             |
| Mrs. John McMartin                               | M. A. Downes                                   | Maj. W. P. O'Brien                                     |
| W. P. McVey                                      | Mrs. H. Duverger                               | Mrs. James O'Connor                                    |
| Mrs. Catherine Meagher                           | Mrs. M. H. Dwyer<br><i>Halifax, N.S.</i>       | Mrs. C. W. Pearson<br><i>Buckingham, Que.</i>          |
| E. A. D. Morgan                                  | G. W. Farrell                                  | Mrs. C. A. Phelan                                      |
| D. R. Murphy                                     | Mrs. F. Feron                                  | F. H. Phelan   |
| Ald Thos. O'Connell                              | John F. Geraghty<br><i>New York</i>            | J. T. Rogers, M.D.                                     |
| R. O'Leary<br><i>Richibucto, N.B.</i>            | H. R. Gray, M.D.                               | Mrs. F. J. Ryan  |
| H. E. Quinlan                                    | Hon. Edmund Guerin                             | Mrs. P. Ryan   |
| Leo O. Reynolds                                  | Mrs. E. R. Gunning                             | Miss Alice M. Sharp                                    |
| W. L. Scott<br><i>Ottawa, Ont.</i>               | F. J. Hackett, M.D.                            | W. P. Shortall<br><i>St. John's, N.F.</i>              |
| Lord Shaughnessy                                 | Z. Hebert                                      | H. J. Tellier<br><i>Pointe Claire, Que.</i>            |
| Mrs. Charles F. Smith                            | Mrs. A. J. Hudon<br><i>Richmond, Que.</i>      | Mrs. C. M. Thomson                                     |
| Mrs. N. A. Timmins                               | W. J. Hushion                                  | P. Vanier  |
| Mrs. J. H. Walsh<br><i>Sherbrooke, Que.</i>      | Miss Patricia Irwin                            | Maurice Versailles                                     |
| Capt. J. T. Walsh                                | Mrs. J. E. Johnston                            | J. C. Walsh, K.C.                                      |
| Mrs. S. Beaudin                                  | I. L. Lafleur                                  | Mrs. A. S. Whitney                                     |
| T. Charles Bermingham                            | E. J. Laverty                                  | Mrs. P. Wright   |
| F. H. Carlin                                     | T. Laverty                                     |  |
| Rev. Robert J. Carse<br><i>St. Charles, Ill.</i> | J. E. Lesage, M.D., M.P.                       |  |
|  | R. W. Lovell                                   |  |
|  | Donald A. Macdonald<br><i>Alexandria, Ont.</i> |  |



## The Year at Loyola

### CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

Rare, indeed, is the new school year that brings no change either in the administrative or the teaching staff of a Jesuit College. This year, chief among the appointments was that of a new Rector. Father Alexander Gagnieur, S.J., for the past years engaged in parish work at Guelph, Ontario, returned to the post he left four years ago, while Father Thomas MacMahon, S.J., whom Father Gagnieur relieved, has entered the Mission-field. We regret that ill-health obliged Father Gagnieur to abandon active work in the middle of December to seek rest at The Sanitarium of Gabriels, New York. During his absence, Father J. Milway Filion, S.J., who returned last August from England to teach Philosophy at Loyola, has been acting Rector as well.

Father M. C. Malone, S.J., former Prefect of Studies, also by reason of impaired health has been ordered to a milder climate, and is now convalescing at Los Angeles, California (6634 Hollywood Blvd.).

Father A. J. Primeau, S.J., last year's Bursar, is completing his study of the Institute of the Society at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Father Thomas Gorman, S.J., left Loyola last November to do parish duty at Steelton, Ontario; Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J., went to the English Scholasticate at Guelph as Professor of Rhetoric; Mr. W. S. McManus, S.J., began his theological studies at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal. The vacancies thus made in the faculty were filled by Messrs. D. P. Coughlin, S.J., and T. J. Lally, S.J., of St. Boniface College, Man., both former teachers at Loyola, Mr. P. J. McLellan, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception and Mr. F. C. Smith, S.J., of Guelph. Mr. Francis R. Burke is now teaching at Fordham University, New York.

As we are going to press, we are happy to welcome back from the battlefield Captain the Rev. William Hingston, S.J., who accompanied the Irish Canadian Rangers overseas and has done service both in

England and in France during the past eighteen months. Father Hingston will be attached to the College.

### THE COLLEGE

Despite the slight decrease in the roll of students, not unexpected under the stress of actual conditions, the scholastic year began auspiciously at Loyola, and progress characterizes it all along the line of College activities. The interest aroused in dramatics by Father Filion, S.J., and the impetus given to the art of public speaking through the encouraged efforts of both the College and the High School Debating Societies, the organizing of the College orchestra by Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J., of the Choir and Glee Club under Prof. P. J. Shea, and of the Signal Drill Corps, have all supplied fresh and healthy interest leaving very little to be desired for the profitable use of time left free from the regular periods of class and study. It was no easy matter to assemble the required instruments for the orchestra and to train the players, but steady effort and faithful practice have accomplished the important task of making a good beginning in a difficult enterprise.

### FATHER FILION'S LAST VOWS

The last covenant that binds a Jesuit irrevocably to his Order are the Final Vows pronounced after every stage of study and every term of probation has been satisfactorily completed. This solemn oblation Father Filion made publicly in the College Chapel on the day of our Lady's Purification, February 2nd, 1918. We take this opportunity heartily to felicitate Father Filion on the significant event.

### FATHER BRADLEY'S FIRST MASS

On Friday morning, May 17th, 1918, the College Chapel was privileged to witness the celebration of the first mass of Father George Bradley, S.J., former Loyola Professor who,



the day previous had been ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Forbes. A large number of relatives, friends and old pupils of Father Bradley were present at the Mass and received individually the rich blessing which newly anointed hands alone have the power to give. The high esteem in which Father Bradley's old scholars held their Professor was attested by the number that were present to do him honor both at the ordination and the first Mass. To Father Bradley we extend our warmest congratulations and sincerest wishes that from his future labors in the ministry he may reap harvests a hundredfold.

Of other quondam Professors and Prefects at Loyola, the Rev. J. I. d'Orsonnens, S.J., is Master of Novices at Sault-au-Recollet; Fr. Nicholas Quirk, S.J., is doing parish ministry at Guelph; and Fr. Jos. Leahy, S.J., is assistant to the Rector of the English Novitiate at Guelph.

Fathers Louis Cotter, S.J., and Joseph McCarthy, S.J., are Chaplains at the General and the Royal Victoria Hospitals of Montreal respectively.

Welcome news comes from Mr. Walter S. Gaynor, who is affectionately remembered by all for his devotedness as a teacher at Loyola, that he is finishing the second year of Theology at Valladolid in Spain, and has been raised to the Diaconate.

Mr. Martin Murphy, another former master is now Principal of the Public School of Boissevain, Manitoba.

Dr. William H. Atherton, Ph.D., one-time member of the Loyola Faculty, has recently been honored by two Catholic Universities. In recognition of valuable contributions to American and Canadian history, especially

for his three scholarly volumes on the "History of Montreal," the University of Laval has conferred upon Dr. Atherton the degree of Doctor of Literature, and Fordham University that of Doctor of Laws.

#### EARLY DEPARTURE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

The recent Order-in-Council summoning those between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three to the colors, was promptly obeyed by Loyola students to whom it applied. It fell heaviest on the department of Philosophy. The course was hastened to a close, examinations were advanced and by Saturday, April 27th, all reported for service, although several were not yet nineteen. Before leaving the College a farewell banquet was tendered them by the Faculty. There were no tears shed; yet the close and cordial companionship of eight or more years could not be severed without some secret pangs of regret, the keener as the hope for the safe return of all from the battlefield is clouded with some degree of uncertainty. They go forth with the blessing of their Alma Mater and the fervent prayer of all that the God of battles will shield them and bring them back victorious.

This year's candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts are Rudolph Bernard, Gaston DeLisle, John A. Dixon, Joseph J. Ryan, Terence G. Walsh, Frederick V. Hudon, and W. Roy Dillon.

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The Review gratefully acknowledges the generous kindness of Messrs. O'Brien and Doheny; A. W. Anglin, Esq., K.C., Toronto; R. E. Elliot, Esq; E. Desbarats, Esq; Messrs. Brodeur, Limited and Messrs. Roland Freres.

### Alumni Notes

Owing to the general unrest and distraction of the times and the departure of so many Loyola men for the battlefield, news from a large number of the old boys has not been easy to obtain. At the same time, that is the first thing all Alumni will look for on opening the "Review," and sorely miss if

none be given. We, therefore, beg and hope that every alumnus who reads this column will make it a point to send us, at an early opportunity, all the details he can about himself and any other old college associate he may be in touch with. He will thus do his part to satisfy the natural and laudable



desire which all Loyola men, professors included, have to know where old comrades and pupils are scattered in this wide world and what they are doing.

- 1906 After completing the usual period of teaching previous to the priesthood, Raymond Cloran, S.J., has begun his theological studies at the Immaculate Conception.

It was with no little gratification that we saw John T. Hackett (B.L. '06, B.C.L.), elected to the presidency of the distinguished St. Patrick's Society for the present year. In this capacity Hackett was one of the principal orators at the Victoria Monument on Empire Day.

- 1907 The congratulations of all Loyola men go out to the Hon. Charles Gavan Power, M.P., whom the last general elections returned to the Federal Parliament as Liberal Member for South Quebec. Inasmuch as Power is the first graduate from Loyola to attain the proud distinction, we have special cause for congratulations. That splendid success will attend "Chubby's" political career we have every reason to believe. "Chubby" has it in him—

"The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise."

The "Toronto Globe" has this to say of him:

"The youngest member from Quebec, and incidentally the youngest on the Opposition side, is Charles Gavan Power of Quebec South. He is well known in sporting circles as "Chubby" Power, a great Quebec hockey player. But he is more than that. He quit hockey when the war started and has gone "over the top" in France so many times that he has 22 wounds and the Military Cross. "He is a true soldier" said a fellow-citizen who knows him well. For his bravery on the battlefield he was decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace. He is the only returned soldier in the House who enlisted as a private, and he tells with great gusto how he used to black, or rather tan, the boots of Surgeon-General Guy Carleton Jones. "Chubby" Power succeeds his father, Wm. Power, as member of Parliament. He is a lawyer and served for a while in the same

office as Lucien Cannon of Dorchester by-election fame. Power has two brothers in the army and two brothers-in-law."

Captain Power, because of his brave record and long experience at the front, was recently invited by the American Knights of Columbus to tour the United States in order to speak at meetings in support of the great K.C. campaign to obtain funds for Army Huts at the front. Power immediately accepted the invitation.

- 1909 We are more than pleased to learn that John C. Wickham, M.D., who has been at the front from the beginning of the war, has within recent months been honored with the rank of Major. He expects to return to Canada on a three months leave before the year is out.

- 1911 On November 20th, 1917, wedding bells rang for Leon Mercier Gouin, the son of Sir Lomer, when he led to the altar Miss Yvette Ollivier of Quebec. The marriage was blessed in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste by Rev. Father Gouin, the bridegroom's uncle. May Mercier's wedded life be long and happy.

- 1912 Bernard McCullough, S.J., who is member of the New York Province of the Society of Jesus, is studying philosophy at Woodstock College in Maryland.

- 1914 After having left McGill, Bernard McTeigue has been connected with the Whalen Pulp & Paper Co., at Vancouver, B.C. If latest rumors are true, "Barney" has joined the colors.

- 1915 On Whit Saturday Joseph O'Hagan, who is completing his studies preparatory for the priesthood at the Grand Seminary, was ordained deacon by Archbishop Bruchesi.

- 1917 The legal profession beckoned smilingly to most of last year's graduates, of whom Frank McGillis, Richard



Dooner, John Gallery and Maurice Versailles have finished their first year at McGill University. Frank Bussiere is also studying Law.

John Cuddy is in Engineering at McGill. Paul Sentenne is holding a promising position in the Angus Work Shops of the Canadian Pacific, and Eugene Audet has taken special interest in farming. Gordon Carlin and Edward Duckett are at the front.

Versailles, we are happy to chronicle, attained first rank honors at McGill, winning, besides the seventy-five dollar scholarship, first prize for Roman Law. Cuddy passed with high distinction in the department of Applied Sciences, having attained first honors in six out of eight subjects, and second honors in the remaining two. We heartily congratulate both Versailles and Cuddy.

O.L. 1896 Capt. Armand Chevalier, paymaster of the 22nd Battalion, has lately returned on leave from headquarters in Westminster, London.

Francis J. McGue has lately received appointment as Registrar in the Department of Finance, and is also representative for the "Gazette," in Quebec City.

O.L. 1898 The Rev. Thomas Kearney, C.S.C., is Professor of Literature at St. Laurent College. We were pleased to receive a visit from him on the occasion of the High School Debate.

Lieut. Harold Hingston having returned from the front is military instructor at one of the camps in Connecticut, U.S.A.

O.L. 1900 Major George Boyce has been recently promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and has received the D.S.O. He is to be married in Dublin this summer. Congratulations and best wishes!

O.L. 1903 Father James Flood is laboring zealously and successfully as assistant to Fr. Donnelly in St. Anthony's Parish, Montreal.

O.L. 1907 Rev. Thomas J. Brady is doing successful work as curate of St. Thomas Aquinas in Astorville, diocese of Pembroke, Ont.

O.L. 1909 Preparing for the priesthood at the Grand Seminary are Thos. Bracken and Wilfrid O'Kane.

John Fitzgerald, who until recently held the post of Secretary for the Sherbrooke Board of Trade, has resigned that position to become Manager of the Canadian Merchant Protective Association, in Montreal.





## Roll of Honor

### Killed

CAPTAIN EDWARD DWYER  
CAPTAIN MELVIN JOHNSON  
CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, D.S.O.  
CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGOVERN  
CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH  
LIEUTENANT HENRI DE VARENNES  
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR DISSETTE, Croix de Guerre  
LIEUTENANT JAMES DOMVILLE  
LIEUTENANT JAMES GRANT  
LIEUTENANT JOHN HOWE  
LIEUTENANT FRASER MACDONALD  
LIEUTENANT FRANCIS McGEE  
LIEUTENANT GUY PALARDY  
LIEUTENANT EDWARD PLUNKETT  
LIEUTENANT WILFRID SULLIVAN  
LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINS  
LIEUTENANT MAURICE VIDAL  
SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE  
CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON, M.M.  
CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA  
PTE. HERBERT BUTLER  
PTE. LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.  
PTE. DONALD MacARTHUR  
PTE. LEO SHORTALL

### Wounded

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE J. BOYCE, D.S.O.  
CAPTAIN UBERTO CASGRAIN  
CAPTAIN PHILIPPE CHEVALIER  
CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN, M.C.  
CAPTAIN RENE REDMOND  
CAPTAIN RAYMOND RYAN §  
CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER, M.C., Cross of the Legion of Honor  
CAPTAIN CHARLES POWER, M.C.  
LIEUTENANT deGASPE AUDETTE  
LIEUTENANT ERNEST DONNELLY  
LIEUTENANT GERALD FINCH  
LIEUTENANT HAROLD HINGSTON  
LIEUTENANT AUSTIN LATCHFORD  
LIEUTENANT ALAIN MacDONALD  
LIEUTENANT CHARLES O'LEARY  
LIEUTENANT GUSTAVE RAINVILLE  
LIEUTENANT STUART ROLLAND  
LIEUTENANT VICTOR WALSH  
SERGEANT THADDEUS ARMSTRONG  
SERGEANT GEOFFREY MERRILL

§ Returned to Canada



PATRICK COUGHLIN (Rank unknown)  
 HAROLD COYLE (Rank unknown)  
 HARRY KELLY (Rank unknown)  
 JOHN LUNNEY (Rank unknown)  
 ROGER LELIEVRE (Rank unknown)  
 ARTHUR SAUVE (Rank unknown)  
 PETER THORNTON (Rank unknown)  
 DRIVER FREDERICK DE ZOUCHE

## Missing

AUGUSTUS LAW

## Distinguished Service Order

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE J. BOYCE  
 CAPTAIN JOHN JENKINS  
 CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE

## Military Cross

CAPTAIN CHARLES POWER  
 CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER  
 CAPTAIN FREDERICK O'LEARY  
 CAPTAIN HARRY O'LEARY  
 CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN  
 CAPTAIN RODERICK WATT

## Military Medal

CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON

## Distinguished Conduct Medal

PTE. LEO LE BOUTILLIER

## Cross of the Legion of Honor

CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER

## Croix de Guerre

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT ARTHUR DISSETTE

## O.L. ON ACTIVE SERVICE

The following list of former Loyola students now serving with the colours is unavoidably incomplete, and, no doubt, inaccurate in many details. Information concerning any Old Boys in the army will be gratefully received by the Editors of the Review.

Amos, Edward	1905	Motor Boat Squadron.
Armstrong	1906	Lieut., 4th Batt. (Wounded).
Audette, de Gaspe, M.C.	1911	Lieut., 21st Batt.
Babin, Harold	1907	5th University Corps.
Bauset, Jules	1906	Sergt., 16th Squadron, R.A.S. att. cl.
Bauset, Paul	1910	Lieut., 10th Reserve Batt.
Beck, Austin	1907	
Beck, Cyril	1907	
Beique, Victor	1898	Capt., 22nd Batt. Can. Frs.



Belleau, Joseph	1911	Capt., Interpreter, H.Q., London.
Belleau, Paul	1901	
Blanchette, Maurice	1907	Lieutenant.
Bonnard, Daniel	1901	R.A.F.
Bordeau, Harold	1905	Mich.—Wisc. Regt., U.S. Army.
Bouchette, Robert	1910	R.A.F.
Bouthiller, Charles	1906	Capt., 5th Can. Mounted Rifles.
Boyce, George J.	1900	Lieut.-Col., D.S.O., No. 1 Field Ambulance, C.A.M.C.
† Boyer, Guy		Major, 22nd Batt. §
Brais, Joseph	1907	C.A.M.C.
† Brannen, John		Capt., R.A.M.C.
Brodeur, Paul	1909	
Browne, Bashford	1909	R.C.H.A.S.
Brown, James P.	1903	Gunner, No. 7 Can. Siege Battery.
Burke, M. T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., C.G.A.
Butler, Herbert	1911	2nd University Corps, P.P.C.L.I. (Killed in action).
† Calder, Robert		Major.
Carlin Gordon	1907	R.A.F.
Carpenter, Cecil	1909	13th Siege Battery, C.F.A. (att'd)
Casgrain, Uberto	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Wounded).
Castle, Raymond	1910	Lieut, 50th Battery, C.F.A.
Chevalier, Armand	1896	Capt., 22nd Batt. §
Chevalier, Philippe	1896	Capt., 163rd (Wounded).
Chevalier, Pierre	1896	Lieut., 22nd (Wounded).
Clarke, James	1899	Capt., 13th Field Ambulance, C.A.M.C.
Cogels, Hubert	1913	Belgian Army.
Conroy, Emmet	1906	R.A.F.
Cook, Benedict	1909	66th Battery, C.F.A.
Cooke, Vincent	1909	C.F.A.
Coughlin, Cornelius	1909	R.A.F.
Coughlin, John M. (B.A. 1916)		R.A.F. 10th Can. Siege.
Coughlin, Patrick		(Wounded).
Coughlin, Robert (B.Sc. 1916)	1908	10th Can. Siege (Wounded)
Coyle, Harold	1897	(Wounded).
Dandurand, Hervé	1914	American Army, Interpreter.
Davis, William	1902	Lieut.
Davis, Harold F. (B.A. 1912)	1903	
Davis, Harry	1902	Capt., Amm. Col.
Delisle, Gaston	1910	R.A.F.
Desbarats, Edward	1905	Lieut. R.A.S. (Prisoner of War).
Dissette, Arthur C.	1901	Lieut. R.N.A.S. (Killed).
Doheney Clarence	1905	Lieut., Artillery.
Domville, James	1907	Lieut., R.A.F.
Donnelly Ernest	1898	Lieut, 42nd. (Wounded).
Doody, Edmund	1910	648th Co. M.T., A.S.C.
Doran, John	1903	82nd.
Duckett, J. Edward (B.A. 1917)		Lieut., 288th.
Drury, John	1911	R.A.F.
Dwyer, Edward	1898	Capt., 85th N.S. Highlanders (Killed).
Farley, Howard	1911	Cyclist Corps.
Farrell, Robert B.	1898	Lieut.
Fawcett, Rev. Charles	1896	Capt., Chaplain.

† English Course, St. Mary's. § Returned to Canada.



Finch, Gerald	1905	Lieut., 13th (Wounded).
Fletcher, Adrian	1901	Lieut., 207th.
† Furlong, Gerald		Capt., 24th.
Galligan, John	1906	Capt., C.A.M.C.
Galvin, Roy	1916	
Grant, James	1908	Lieut., 102nd (Killed).
Griffith, Gerald (B.A. 1910)	1903	Capt., R.A.M.C.S.
Grimes, Ernest	1909	Gunner, 4th Canadian Divisional.
Grimes, John	1909	Gunner, 4th Canadian Divisional.
Hanna, Roy	1910	148th Medical.
Harwood, Roderick	1909	Lieut., 50th Batt.
Hately, Edgar	1904	R.A.F.
Hayes, Murray	1912	74th Battery.
Hennessy, Richard	1904	3rd Overseas Siege Battery.
Hingston, Basil	1896	Lieut., 24th Batt.
† Hingston, Donald	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. §
Hingston, Harold	1898	Lieut., 60th (Wounded).
Holland, John	1908	R.A.F.
Hofner, L.	1912	R.A.F.
Hudon, Frederick	1908	R.A.F.
Hudson, Stanton, M.M.	1907	87th (Killed).
Hughes, Stanley	1909	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Jenkins, John, D.S.O.	1904	Lieut.-Col., C.A.M.C.
Johnson, John	1896	
Johnson, Melville	1903	Capt., 5th Mounted Rifles (Killed).
Kavanagh, Walter	1905	Lieut.
Kearney, John D.	1909	Lieut., 25th Battery, C.F.A.
Kelly, Burrows	1909	R.A.F.
Kelly, Harry	1909	38th (Wounded).
Kennedy, Ambrose	1915	29th Battery, C.F.A.
Kiely, A.	1905	R.A.F.
Lachapelle, Pascal	1915	R.A.F.
Lafontaine, Jean	1911	Lieut., 163rd.
Lahey, Charles	1913	54th Battery, C.F.A.
Latchford, Austin	1908	Capt., Artillery (Wounded).
Latchford, James	1908	Lieut.
Law, Adrian	1897	Capt., Imperial Army.
Law, Augustus	1897	C.M.R. (Missing).
Le Boutillier, Leo, D.C.M.	1907	24th (Killed in action).
Leitch, St. Claire	1909	10th Can. Siege Artillery.
Lelievre, Roger	1907	22nd (Wounded).
Lemieux, Rodolphe	1896	Lieut., 258th.
Lessard, A.		1st Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lunney, John	1897	(Wounded).
Lynch, Leo (B. Sc., 1908)	1901	No. 5 Co., Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lynch, Thomas	1902	
Macarow, Philip	1908	Intelligence Dept., Naval Service.
MacArthur, Donald	1903	(Killed).
MacAsham, John	1908	U.S. Navy.
MacDonald, Alain de L.	1897	Lieut. 163rd (Wounded).
Macdonald, Fraser	1906	Lieut. 77th (Killed).
Macdonald, Hubert	1909	6th Can. Reserve Batt.

† English Course, St. Mary's.

§ Returned to Canada.



Masson, Adrian	1915	R.A.F.
Magann, Allan	1905	
Magann, George (Mentioned in desp.)	1905	Capt., Gen. Staff.
Maguire, Francis (B.A. 1907)	1899	Capt., 2nd Batt. (Killed).
Maher, Henry	1912	4th Amm. Col.
Mahon, Arthur J.	1912	" C " Battery, R.C.H.A.
Marks, William	1910	R.A.F.
Martin, Alfred	1911	79th Battery.
McAnulty, Clifford	1913	R.A.F.
McCaffrey, Maurice	1903	R.A.F.
McCallum, Harold	1913	
McCarthy, Edward	1905	74th Battery, Ottawa.
McCool, Justin	1898	C.A.S.C.
McCool, Joseph	1898	4th Can. Ry. Troops.
McCullough, George	1903	R.A.F.
McDonald, Dawson	1903	R.A.F.
McDonald, Somerled	1906	R.A.F.
McEachen, Ronald (B. Sc. 1914)	1907	
† McGee, Francis		Lieut. (Killed in action).
McGillis, Francis (B.A. 1917)		R.A.F.
McGovern, Arthur (B.A. 1909)	1903	Capt., 28th (Killed in action).
McGovern, Thomas	1903	Lieut. " C " Batt., R.C.H.A.
McKenna, Adrian	1905	Corporal, 24th (Killed in action).
McKenna, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 60th.
McKenna, Philip	1906	R.A.F.
McKeown, Leo	1912	R.A.F.
McKenzie, Francis	1906	
McKenzie, Vincent	1906	
McLaughlin, Henry	1908	66th Siege Artillery.
McLaughlin, John	1908	79th Battery, C.F.A.
McMartin, John	1907	R.A.F.
Merrill, Geoffrey	1904	Sgt., Artillery (Gassed).
Merrill, Walter	1900	Lieut., R.A.F.
Millard, Ellis	1906	R.C.H.A.
Millard, Francis	1902	Lieut., No. 8 Can. Gen. Hosp., B.E.F., (Mentioned in despatches).
Milloy, John	1896	Lieut., 4th Batt., C.G.R.
Milloy, Martin S.	1896	79th Battery.
Mitchell, Alfred	1912	Capt., 198th.
Monsarrat, Louis	1905	R.C.H.A.
Moore, Arthur	1912	5th Siege Artillery.
Moore, Francis	1912	5th Siege Artillery.
Morgan, William, M.C.	1910	Capt., 22nd Batt.
Mulligan, Louis	1899	R.A.F.
Murphy, E. Grimes	1910	Lieut., C.F.A.
Murphy, Neil	1904	Lieut., R.A.F.
Murphy, Pierce	1907	74th Battery, Ottawa.
Nagle, Gregory	1903	Sgt.-Major, 3rd Batt. (Killed).
Noonan, George	1910	R.A.F., U.S. Army.
Noonan, Gerard M.	1910	Lieut., U.S.A. Aviator.
Noonan, Thomas F.	1910	Lieut., U.S.A. Aviator.

† English Course, St. Mary's.



Noonan, Wilfred	1909	R.A.F.
O'Boyle, Desmond	1906	
O'Connell, Desmond	1913	
O'Connell, Maurice	1913	
O'Connor, C.		R.A.F.
O'Connor, James	1898	Lieut., 14th R.M.R.
O'Gallagher, Dermott	1906	Lieut., 33rd.
Ogier d'Ivry, Gaetan	1906	2nd Lieut., 168 Brig., R.F.A.
O'Gorman, Gerald	1903	Lieut., 24th Batt.
O'Leary, Charles		Lieut., 10th Can. Railway Troops (Wounded).
O'Leary, Frederick, M.C.	1897	Capt., 11th Tr. Mortar Batt.
O'Leary, Harry, M.C.	1909	Capt., 48th Highlanders.
Owens, Sargent T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., 207th.
Palardy, Guy	1916	Lieut., R.A.F. (Killed).
Panet, Henri de L.	1905	Lieut., 100th Field Co'y., Royal Engineers.
Perodeau, Horace	1907	Lieut., R.A.F.
Phelan, Arthur	1908	9th Brigade, Amm. Col.
Phelan, Charles	1912	" C " Battery, R.C.H.A.
Phillips, John	1912	R.A.F.
Plunkett, Edward	1910	Lieut., 50th Batt., C.F.A. (Killed).
Poirier, Charles E. (B.A. 1916)	1914	Wag. Sup. Co., 12 F.A.—A.E.F.
Poupore, Loyola	1908	R.A.F.
Power, Charles G. (B.A. 1907)	1897	Capt. 3rd Batt. (Wounded).
Power, Joseph	1897	Lieut., 2nd Batt.
Pridham, Alexander	1908	
Quinn, Kevin	1908	R.A.F.
Rainboth, Ernest	1906	77th.
Rainville, Gustavus	1903	Lieut., C.A.S.C.
Redmond, Rene	1898	Capt., 60th (Wounded).
† Rogers, James		Capt., C.A.M.C.
Rolland, Francis	1911	Sub. Lieut., Imp. Army.
Rolland, Stuart	1899	24th Batt., C.E.F. (Wounded).
Roy, Rouer	1910	Royal Naval College.
Ryan, Joseph J.	1907	R.A.F.
Ryan Raymond	1898	Capt., 13th Battery (Wounded). §
Ryan, Roderick	1906	Capt., Can. Engineers.
Sauve, Arthur	1910	(Wounded).
Scott, Walter	1908	42nd.
Shortall, Leo	1913	1st Newfoundland (Killed).
Spelman, James	1911	American Navy.
Steben, Murray	1897	5th Pioneers.
Sullivan, Arthur	1896	Major, 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Can. (Killed).
† Sullivan, Wilfrid		Lieut., 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Can. (Killed).
Sutcliffe, Stanley	1900	R.A.F.
Tellier, Antoine	1913	68th Siege Battery.
Terroux, Arthur	1909	Sgt., 68th.
Thompson, Leslie C.	1897	Major, 257th.
Thornton, Peter	1906	(Wounded).
Timmins, M. J.	1908	R.A.F.
Turenne (de) Aimar Auzias	1901	C.F.A. (Wounded).
Varennes (de) Henri	1905	Lieut., 22nd (Killed).
Vidal, Maurice	1908	Lieut., C.F.A. (Killed).

† English Course, St. Mary's. § Returned to Canada.



Vanier, George P. (B.A., 1906)	1897	Capt., 22nd. M.C., Legion of Honor
Walsh, Terence G.	1910	R.A.F.
Walsh, J. P. (B.A., 1904)	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Killed).
Walsh, Victor	1904	Adj., R.A.F. (Wounded).
Watt, Roderick, M.C.	1907	Capt., Div. Amm. Col.
Wickham, John C. (B.A., 1909)	1901	Major, C.A.M.C.
Wilkins, John	1906	Lieut, 23rd (Killed).
Wilkins, Lionel	1904	Lieut.
Wilson, Laurence	1905	105th Brigade, R.F.A.
Wolfe, John P.	1914	" C " Battery, R.C.H.A.
Wolff, Conrad (B.L., 1911)	1901	Lieut., C.A.M.C.
Zouche (de) Frederick C.	1907	C.A.S.C. (Wounded).



### TO LOYOLA'S WARRIOR SONS

Champions of Right, of Freedom blest,  
 Hero-Alumni, Loyola's best,  
 Who strike to give Ambition pause,  
 Who bleed for Sacred Human Laws,  
 On God of Hosts be your reliance  
 For defence and not defiance.

When you heard the clarion call,  
 You faltered not but gave your all,  
 Recking not what might befall.  
 Wounds, grim Death ye held light price,  
 So you helped to save from thrall  
 World-Freedom by your sacrifice.

Over Flanders' shell-torn leas,  
 Unawed by shock and roar of guns;  
 Midst perils of the many seas,  
 Where a lurking enemy shuns  
 Manly fray; on fitful breeze  
 Where eagle-wings you spread with ease,  
 ALMA MATER, still your guide,  
 Is by you, thrilled with parent's pride.

Her Honour's writ upon your front,  
 Let it gleam in battle's brunt.  
 Emulate your fallen brothers,  
 And aim beyond the mark of others.

And you! who nobly fought your last,  
 And died for Justice's Vindication,  
 Sleep till called by Gabriel's blast  
 To VICTORY'S Eternal Jubilation.



## LIEUTENANT EDWARD P. PLUNKETT

Great sorrow was felt by his many friends, when the news "Killed Somewhere in France," was received concerning Edward Patrick Plunkett, eldest son of Mr. S. J. Plunkett, Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Almonte, Ont. Born at Moncton, N.B., he received his early education at Van Buren College, Edmundston, N.B., and came to Loyola in 1910. "Ned" remained with us for years during which time he made a very successful High School course; professors still remember the genial, unselfish boy, conspicuous for leadership in the classroom and good sportsmanship in all games. Subsequent to his leaving Loyola, he matriculated from the High School at Almonte, Ont.

Heeding his Country's Call to Arms, he enlisted in the Royal School of Artillery at Kingston, being attached to the "Queen's" Battery; then, having passed his Lieutenancy examination, he left for Petewawa Camp. The fact that he was on the firing line in less than three weeks after his arrival, is proof of his ability as an Officer.

Fellow officers and others, who spent long months with him at the Front, are unanimous in ascribing to him continual cheerfulness under trial, the greatest unselfishness and an undying devotion to his men. Even-tempered, willing, generous, he was always optimistic, had a cheering word for everybody and, though young in years—he was scarcely twenty—he possessed a sureness of judgment and a coolness of determination which would have done credit to a more advanced age than his. His companions testify that constant association with him only served to heighten their esteem for the dauntless youth still in his teens.

Before making the Supreme Sacrifice, he had several narrow escapes, being once wounded. He had already gone through the offensive at the Somme and had participated in the preparations for Vimy Ridge Offensive as well as the strenuous days

following that glorious victory. A few months before his death, he was recommended for the Military Cross for his fine work on an advance, when he went up with the infantry to the last objective and there established and kept up communications.

The 16th of June, 1917, was destined to be his last day. Those who knew Ned were not surprised to hear that he met his death while venturing on a perilous act of charity. The official report of his death, received from Military Headquarters at Ottawa, reads as follows:

"During the forenoon of July 16th, 1917, two mess-waiters were wounded by shell-fire and were brought under cover. Lieut. Plunkett went out himself to get some water for them, when another shell fell, killing him instantly."

It is worthy of note that it was Lieut. Plunkett himself who carried in the two wounded men and who insisted on going out to procure them water, an act of devotion which cost him his life. This heedlessness of risk was characteristic of a young man, who, always a devout Catholic, had shown an unflinching loyalty to his Church and his religious practices, and who was consequently so well prepared to meet his Creator.

His burial is thus described by a fellow lieutenant in a letter to Mr. Plunkett.

"His funeral was very impressive. Enclosed in a coffin wrapped with the Union Jack, a wreath of wild flowers above, his body was drawn on a gun-carriage, pulled by six beautiful black horses to the Military Cemetery, some distance away. Over fifty officers and men of the Brigade and Battery followed the body to the grave, including the acting Divisional Artillery Commander. Father Fortier read an impressive service and the body was tenderly lowered to its last resting place, while many sad hearts looked on. There's an empty place in the Battery and an empty chair in our Mess, but our hearts are full, and he will always be in our memory, for we always appreciated him as a friend. It may please you to know that, as one man loves another, your son was loved by us. I feel quite justified in saying that no fellow ever gave his energy and life more nobly in a cause for the success of which the whole civilized world is praying."

Lieut. Plunkett is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Plunkett, a sister and two brothers. To his sorrowing parents Loyola College extends its sincere sympathy in the loss of so worthy a son.



✠  
R.I.P.



LIEUTENANT EDWARD E. PLUNKETT,  
19th Battery.

Killed in action, June 16th, 1917.  
Old Loyola, 1910.



## FROM LIEUTENANT PLUNKETT

(HIS VOYAGE ACROSS)

July 30th, 1916.

We are still at sea but are steaming rapidly past the coast of Ireland. We have not had all the pleasures one might enjoy on such an ocean voyage in the piping times of peace, as there is a certain excitement and nervous tension which would be lacking at other times. Dodging the submarines is quite a game; we on board are completely in the dark, but the Admiralty and ship officers seem to know the game thoroughly.

We kept out of sight of everything until yesterday when we passed a neutral ship, and to-day we are surrounded by British destroyers. At times in our course, at least in the danger zone, we zig-zag to fool some wandering torpedo and when turning, we list far over to one side. It has been foggy ever since we left Canada, and while that hid us from view of the German submarines, yet we were not able to make such good time; we should have arrived this morning. In spite of the fog, we followed a fairly good pace; our best day's run was, I think, 530 miles.

France, September 29th, 1916.

I wish you could see some of the sights I've witnessed, for instance, that of seeing a squadron of aeroplanes start out on a raid. There are always a dozen or so overhead and as to balloons—well, the French have as many as thirty up all the time. They are used for observation of course and are anchored to a truck, upon which is a windlass and they can thus be moved about quite easily.

Rather an amusing incident occurred this morning. Doc. Freeman, the Battery cook, saw three men coming along the road, one of them being old, hatless and wearing a "slicker." Doc. called out "Hello, old Timer, how would a cup of tea go?" The old fellow replied: "By Jove, I would like a cup of tea!" So Doc. gave him some tea in an old tin used for condensed milk. He nearly fell dead from fright when the old fellow took off his coat and disclosed himself as a Staff Colonel. No wonder the Imperials think we are a bit free and easy!

France, September 29th, 1916.

I am living in a fine dug-out, but it is not shell-proof like the one I had previously. That one was forty or more feet deep and cut in solid chalk, with a little narrow stair, just large enough to crawl through; it was of German make, quite safe but rather stuffy. Necessity is the mother of invention; as proof of this, to-day our men made a stove out of a heavy, sheet-iron oil tin and stove-pipes out of eight cartridge cases (brass ones), all fitted together.

One of our officers is away up forward with one gun. Last night his rations were put in a bag and left outside for the man who was to take them up. When the man came, he saw two bags, carelessly picked up one only, and went off to deliver his goods. When Mr. Morse opened his ration bag, he found 18 tins of "Bully Beef" and nothing else. He was a bit peeved.

France, October 3rd, 1916

London is not the only place I've been lost in. Only the other day I went across about two hundred yards and on returning, I got completely lost; I started falling into shell-holes and trenches. Finally I found my way, but it gave me a scare; I was afraid I was heading towards Germany.

Yesterday Ed. Cassitt and I, seeing a dozen rails lying idle, decided they would do no harm—and perhaps some good—on the roof of our dug-out. So we carried them over and placed them along, that is to say, we began to do so. We were just dropping our fifth rail on the roof when whiz! I heard a shell and thought she seemed coming straight towards the back of my neck. I dropped the rail and jumped

sideways off the roof; my end, being suddenly dropped, nearly knocked him over. We picked ourselves up and whiz-bang!! just where the pile of rails had been. I dodged and was quite well sheltered from splinters by the mound of earth under which we sleep. As I dodged I saw Ed. grab off his tin hat—I don't know why—and then the concussion caught him and tumbled him over backwards. We stayed under cover for a while and then congratulated ourselves that we got only a few "strays."

Speaking about "Tanks," I may say they are certainly wonderful. One stopped for breakfast this A.M. on the road near us. A Hun and a Tommy going back in an ambulance got talking, as the Boche spoke English. Tommy mentioned the fact that they had taken the trench that they were after, that very morning. Fritz admitted the fact but stated that his friend, the enemy, was obliged to come over in a taxi in order to do it. Well, it is surely some 'bus.

France, October 26th, 1916.

Being wet for hours sometimes seems to be part of the work; c'est la guerre! There are only the captain, one subaltern and myself left at the guns, so we are a bit short on time and long on work. I have a tough little pony; his looks are not the best thing about him but he and I have some fine rides in spite of rain and mud. The roads are terrible; horses get stuck in the mud and it is impossible to get them out. They are then shot and help to fill up the hole.

I enclose a handbill picked up beside a couple of dead Huns. Hundreds of these handbills were dropped by our men over the Hun lines to let them know what the effect would be if Roumania entered on our side. You may translate it—that is, if it is not removed before the letter reaches its destination. A couple of miles behind the Front line is not much, and we are hardly that now. We are safe enough from rifle and machine gun bullets of course, but right there for anything bigger, such as "Whiz-bangs" and "Dooley Bears," to say nothing of "Silent Sue," a naval gun which has a muzzle velocity of 2,280 feet a second and lands long before it is heard coming. Don't worry about me; thank you all for being so good and thinking so much of me.

France, December 23rd, 1916.

I shall not be able to go to Midnight Mass this year as it happens to be my turn for Liaison duty then. We are billeted in what was once a house—"A la Bairnsfather." We are getting it fixed up well and have had a bricklayer and a paperhanger at it for three days; thus our Christmas dinner will be set amid quite decent surroundings.

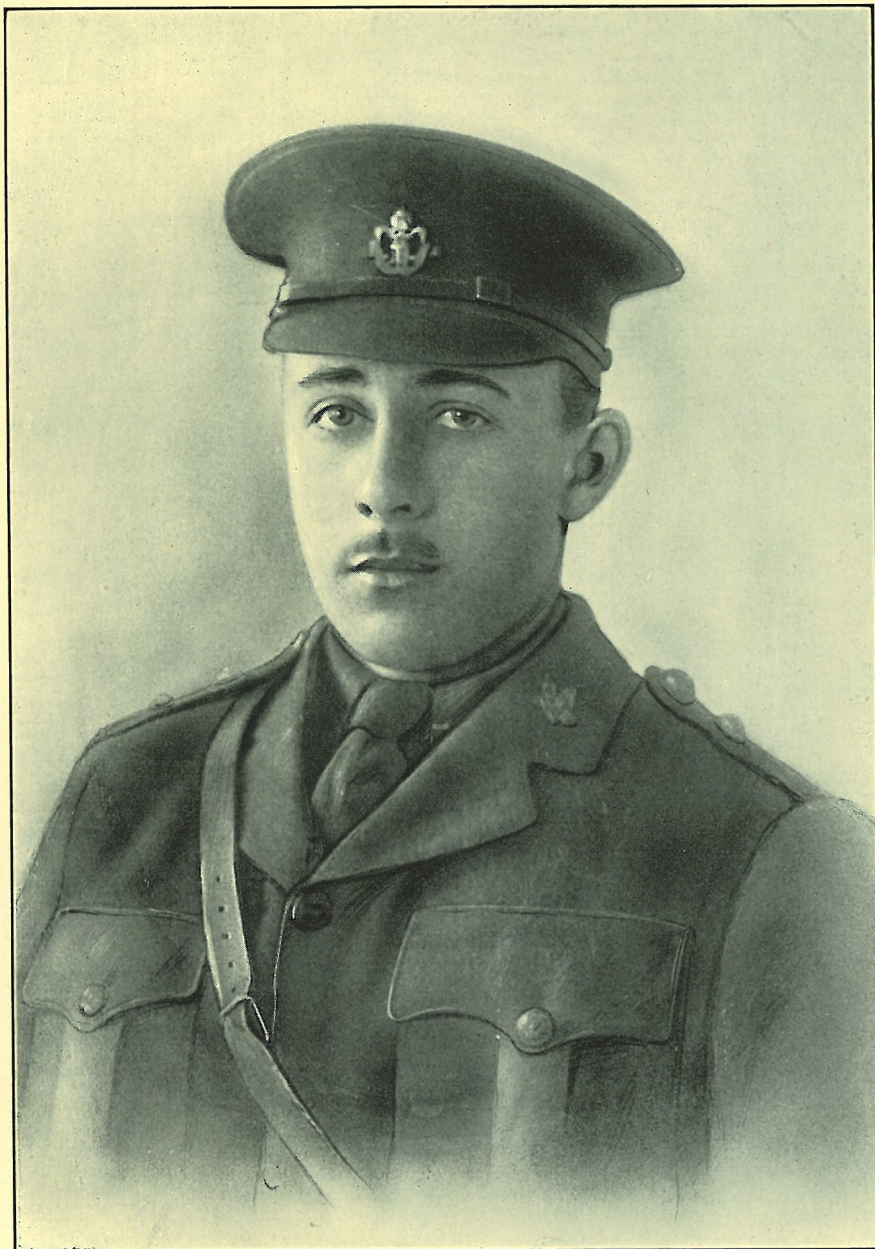
I made a trip with a bombing officer the other night; not over the parapet—I am not tired of life yet!—just out into the gaps so that I could get some idea of how our line stands. Last night I had dinner about 9 p.m. and when I was coming back, I stopped to watch a ghostly figure slipping quietly by. It was a man carrying a large, new, white cross. The sunken road was so dark, and, at this particular time, so deserted that the not-unusual, but ever-pathetic sight of a man carrying a cross to the spot where his "pal" fell, was most touching.

France, April 17th, 1917.

I told you, did I not, that I went over with the infantry when we drove the Hun off his strongest fortress on the Western Front, the Vimy Ridge? We simply swept him off his feet and a couple of hours after the show had started, we had captured a number of his guns and gun-crews.

One Battalion, the 25th, from Nova Scotia, went over with a piper playing on either flank. The French-Canadians went absolutely wild with excitement and a desire to go over the bags and at the Huns. It was certainly a wonderful day.





CAPTAIN MELVIN JOHNSON,  
Canadian Mounted Rifles.  
Killed in action at Passchendaele, October 30th, 1917.  
Old Loyola, 1903.



France, April 28th, 1917.

On the night of the 24th and 25th, I went forward with ammunition. After some little excitement, I got the ammunition all in, and everybody out except a N.C.O., who had not got out; as I was to ride his horse back (he was staying) I had to wait. Well, the old Hun started in with Whiz-bangs. I couldn't get through the barrage so I hugged the ground in a ditch and waited. After some time, things became fairly quiet and I started out round the outskirts of the place shelled.

I ran into my Corporal and he handed me over his horse and went on. I had just mounted and started away when a Whiz-bang burst just at my shoulder it seemed, and I felt something burn my leg. I think the horse must have been hit also for he started away cross country as hard as he could go, jumping trenches and shell-holes, and paying no heed to the way I pulled on his mouth.

I got home without any further accidents except that a big gun went off, blinding me for a moment and I then collided with a pack-mule going the opposite way. It gave my back a bit of a strain, but the rest here had fixed me up well. I found the wound very slight and decided that I would not go out, but the others made me go to the dressing-station next day just to be sure it was O.K. I was inoculated for tetanus and sent down here to give my back a rest. The hospital is in a very pretty spot. Anything without shell-holes and mud looks pretty to me.

#### FROM MAJOR A. C. CULVER, 19th BATTERY

It is with more sincere regret than I can say that I am writing to tell you that your son was killed to-day. As I should have expected, knowing him as I did, it was in an effort to help two of our gunners who had just been hit.

You will have the great satisfaction of knowing that your son died a splendid officer. He had been with me for nearly a year, and I shall always appreciate a great deal more than I can express, the honour of commanding an officer, who, though only a boy in years, was in every sense a man and a soldier.

He was recommended last April for the Military Cross on account of this thorough work on the day of the advance, when he went over with the infantry to the last objective, not failing to keep up communications.

His going will leave a great blank amongst the officers and his Section, for owing to his kindly and unselfish nature, his willingness and good spirits, there was not an officer or man with whom he came in contact, who did not appreciate him.

### CAPTAIN MELVIN JOHNSON

Captain Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Johnson, was born in Boston in 1895, and came to Loyola in 1903. Later on, after leaving Loyola, he was employed in his father's business.

Melvin had a long experience at the Front. After enlisting he became identified with the "Canadian Mounted Rifles" in 1915. In 1916 he was wounded, but his undaunted spirit was not yet satisfied. After a long period in the hospital he returned once again to the conflict.

#### FROM FATHER FORTIER, CHAPLAIN, MAJOR

I made it my duty to preside at your son's funeral, for not only did I lose a Catholic officer, but a personal friend and this morning I made it my duty to say Mass for the repose of his soul.

I understand Sir, how great must be your grief and that of his mother. Words are not sufficient to express my sympathy and condolence in such a moment of bereavement. May you find your consolation in that truest religious saying: "God's Holy Will be done." He has taken unto Himself the son whom He had confided to your care.

His death was that of a hero, inasmuch as he devoted himself to save his wounded men. The Canadian Army has lost one of the most able and devoted officers. May his death and the wilful offering of his life help to attain the victory so long expected.

#### FROM LIEUT.-COL. J. S. STEWARD, 19th BATTERY

I did not get acquainted with your son until about April 9th, when he did heroic work for the Brigade while he was doing Liaison work with the infantry. He went all through that eventful day and his services were highly appreciated by the infantry with whom he was. Since that day I have often met your boy.

He enjoyed not only our confidence but also our admiration; always cheerful under the most trying circumstances and always having a cheering word and influence. He was always optimistic and never once downhearted. He will be sorely missed by his fellow-officers in the Brigade and by the boys in the Brigade, who admired and loved him. I pray that the good God will be near you and comfort you and his loved ones in this dark day.

#### FROM THE DECEASED'S COUSIN, GUNNER S. PLUNKETT

I have met several men who served under Ned in France, and being wounded, were sent here. It would indeed please you to hear them talk about him. They tell me he was the most popular and the bravest officer in the Battery.

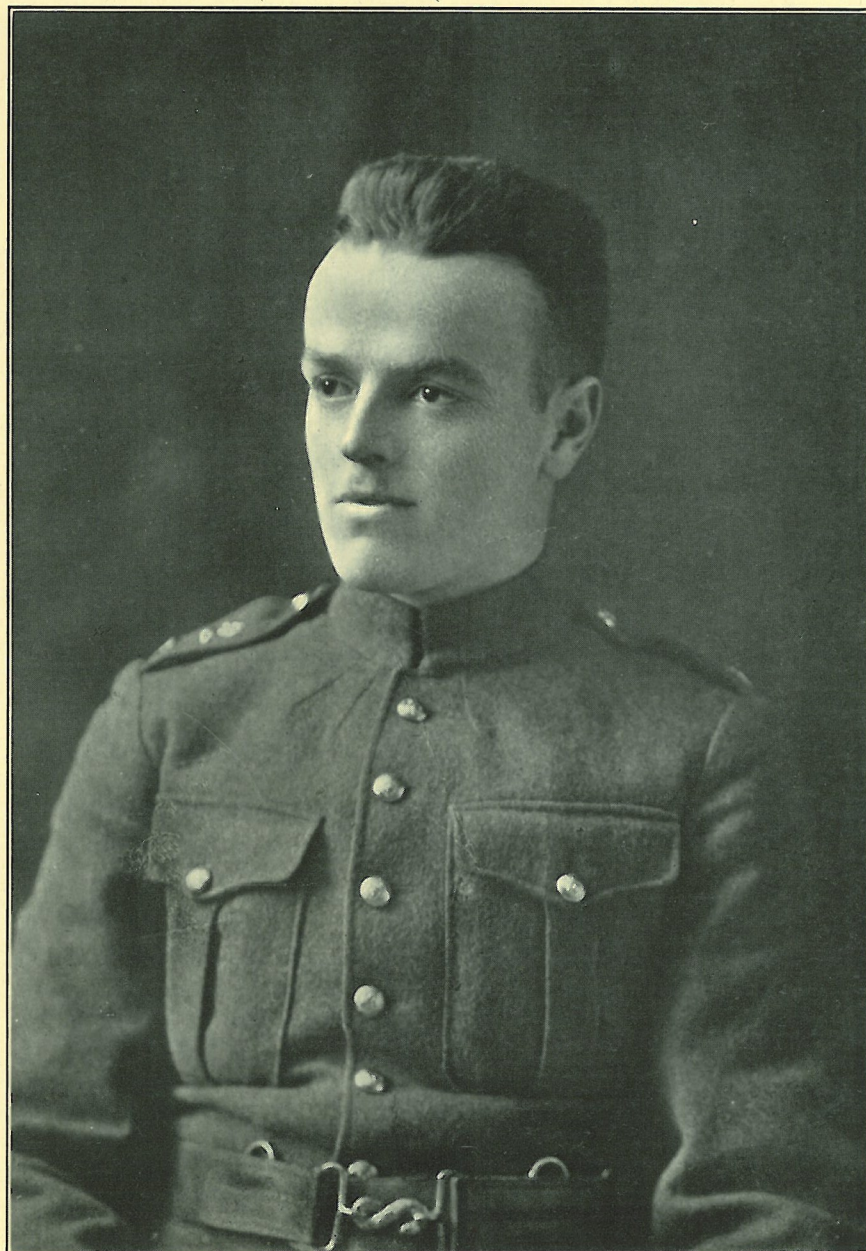
Bdr. Chisholm and he had their first experience of shell-fire together. He tells me that Ned was simply fine and it gave him courage to see the calm and fearless way in which Ned acted. He was indeed a son to be proud of and when I am at the Front, I shall always remember my brave cousin.

His bravery is amply proven by the fact that he was made "Chevalier de l'ordre de Prince Danilol," by King Nicholas of Montenegro, on October 30th, 1916. He was also named Captain on the field of action.

Just one year after military honours had been conferred on him, Captain Johnson was killed while leading his men to victory at Passchendaele, on October 30th, 1917.

Loyola extends her sincere sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.





CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON,  
12th Canadian Machine Company.  
Killed in action, at Passchendaele, November 14th, 1917.  
Military Medal.  
Old Loyola, 1907.



## CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON

When Stanton Hudson's name appeared in the list of Canadian casualties, Loyola mourned the loss of a true Catholic gentleman and a loyal alumnus. He was born in Perth, Ont., on September 16th, 1893, began his education in Perth Separate School and later attended Perth Collegiate for two years, whence he came to Loyola in 1907.

When at Loyola, Stanton already manifested the qualities which were to mark him as a soldier on the battlefield. A generous self-sacrificing boy, ever ready to do his share in upholding the honour of his College in whatever sphere his activities were required, he won for himself life-long friends with the pupils and professors.

On leaving Loyola in 1912, his aim was to take up Civil Engineering, and, as he wished to have some practical work before finishing his course, he accepted a position in the Transcontinental for one year. At the end of that time, he became engaged with the engineers of the C.P.R., until he finally took a position with the Northern Development Branch of the Ontario Government.

He enlisted with the Canadian Grenadier

Guards at Montreal, and having finished his training at St. Johns, Que., left for overseas on April 15th, 1915. While at Bramshott Training Camp, he was transferred to the 12th Canadian Machine Company, in which he continued until his death. From the time that he left England for France, August 15th, he was continually on Active Service, taking part in the battles of the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Lens and Passchendaele. He was promoted to Corporal and was also awarded the Military Medal one week previous to his death for worthy deeds performed in the Passchendaele engagement.

Before making the supreme sacrifice, he was once wounded. His chaplain informed Mr. Hudson, that shortly before being killed on November 14th, Stanton had received Holy Communion. In one of his own letters, Stanton, after mentioning that he frequently met old Loyola Boys, remarked that he often served Mass back of the firing line.

On behalf of his old College, we offer his relatives our deep sympathy in their grief at his loss.

## FROM MAJOR L. I. PEARCE

Your son was with me a few minutes before he was hit by a shell. He had just been to my headquarters to make a report on his guns and was returning to his guns when a shell came and he was mortally wounded. He did not recover consciousness before his death a few minutes later. I was present at the burial and a small cross marks the place of his last resting place.

During the attack the week previous, he was one of the outstanding N.C.O.'s of his section, and for his initiative and courage was then awarded the Military Medal. It is our regret that he has not survived and the officers and men of my Company miss your son very much.

He was a most regular attendant at the Catholic Church Services and took every opportunity of attending. His body is buried at Tynn Cott Cemetery.

## FROM LIEUT. J. D. RIDDELE

The fighting at Passchendaele was indeed very severe and it was more by good luck that any of us came out alive; the shelling was continuous day and night with practically no shelter, the condition of the ground being such that dug-outs were impossible.

Your son will be a great loss to the Company and a greater one to his Section. I looked on him as a coming man, and had he lived, he would certainly have made a name for himself.

On the day he was killed, we had quite a few casualties; the section was naturally worn out and weary of the continuous shelling. Under these trying

conditions, Stanton organized stretcher bearers, supervised the burial of his comrades and many other worthy deeds, in carrying out his duty.

His loss has affected me greatly and he can never be replaced in the Company. I might add with pride that his recommendation for the Military Medal was granted. He was buried with full military honours.

FROM STANTON HUDSON  
(HIS VOYAGE ACROSS)

We set sail on Wednesday, April 26th, 1917. There were three of us in the convoy—The Empress of Britain, The Lapland and the Metagama. We were accompanied by the cruiser Kenervin. The sea was very rough and many were seasick; the decks were lined with men, leaning over the railing.

We had fine weather the whole way across although at times the sea was very rough. It seemed very strange to look out and see nothing but water on every side. We did not follow the regular course; the Captain had been on the Hesperian when she was torpedoed in the Mediterranean and he was naturally very careful. Friday they mounted a guard with rifles aft and stern on the look-out for submarines. We had to take turns, three men to each gun for twenty-four hours.

Thursday afternoon we were joined by the cruiser Drake and the Kenervin went back to Halifax. On Saturday afternoon she chased a boat that showed upon the Northern Horizon and didn't answer her signals. However it proved to be some tramp schooner. I saw quite a few whales from a distance but nothing that looked like a submarine. Great



care is taken; no smoking on deck after 7 p.m., and all lights out by 9 o'clock. The first night out, we almost ran down a large coal boat. In fact she crossed right in front of us and we only missed her stern by about 5 feet.

We reached the danger zone on Wednesday, May 3rd. Four escorts appeared on the horizon and soon reached us, travelling at great speed. The destroyers are small, are very low in the water and look about the size of a pleasure yacht, but they travel very fast. Their object is to ram a submarine before she can launch a torpedo. If one is launched, they are fast enough to follow it and get a shot at it with their small guns, thereby diverting its course. When the destroyers arrived, we all separated taking different courses.

Awakening next morning, we found ourselves off the north coast of Ireland. The land was very green and all the farms divided off in squares of little more than an acre; here and there a small village and church. We could see the coast of Scotland on our north and a few pretty islands. We were just losing sight of Ireland when we sighted the Isle of Man, one of the prettiest but most peculiar islands I have ever seen, being one continuation of hills and villages, and dotted here and there with castles.

We got a lasting impression of Britain's Fleet. Off Ireland we saw the trawlers searching for mines, while on all sides one could see destroyers and cruisers patrolling the waters; we also saw aeroplanes and seaplanes. When we were nearing the Mersey, it became quite foggy and began to rain. We arrived at Liverpool about 6 p.m. Crowds of boats passed us, and every one cheered and saluted the Canadians.

Arrived here at Bramshott Camp on Saturday. The country from Liverpool here is very fine; one continual row of trees and parks. It looks like one big garden, and the small towns seem so strange, all old and the streets lined with beautiful lanes and quaint houses.

France, December 5th, 1916.

If the people over there could spend a few weeks where we were, it would certainly open their eyes. You can't imagine what it is like and what the boys have to endure. Mud! you can't seem to get out of it and water ankle deep. Last time (luckily for forty-eight hours only) we had the worst spell of it yet; however after a day or so you forget all about it. For miles around you see nothing but a wasted country. Where villages have been, you see but a pile of debris and trees lying low. On all sides the country is one mass of shell-holes. One day a village behind Fritz's lines will be in good condition; then after a day's bombardment, it is nothing but ruins. I have in mind one village; we had good observation on it from our position: we came out for a couple of days and on our return practically the whole village was demolished. As for shells, it is one continuous sound of them all day, but as long as they keep going over or do not get too close, one gets accustomed. However when the time comes for an advance and one knows he is going ahead, there is some compensation for it all.

France, March 3rd, 1917.

Our divisions made quite a raid the other day, using gas. They keep old Fritz busy all along the line; just one series of raids. Simultaneously the artillery and the machine guns open fire on Fritz with one continuous stream of explosives, shrapnel bursting in the air overhead in one big flame, and the high explosives on the ground; just one continuous sound of thunder and then after five minutes or so, every gun is raised

on its supports, and with reserves, etc., over the top of the trench go the boys! If it is just for a raid, they go for about half an hour and destroy his dug-outs, etc., and hurry back any prisoners they may find. One would think it impossible to live through such a barrage but the amount of men that are killed is relatively small. However, it puts his trench in bad shape and that, with the destruction accomplished by the raiding party, certainly tells on him.

France, April 15th, 1917.

Since my last letter, we have been through something and it is certainly to your prayers at home that we owe our safety. By now you will have heard of the advance and of the part the Canadians played in it. This was the first time our guns were sent over the top. Formerly we were used behind and then moved up. However this was on such a big plan, on account of the value Fritz set on the Ridge, that they decided to send us over. We went over the top Easter Monday at daybreak and it was a sight I shall never forget. Our guns put up the heaviest possible barrage and poor Fritz had little chance. Everything was nice and quiet until about ten minutes before the time set, and then we scorched his line before his artillery got going at all. No opposition was encountered in his first two lines and it was only in his third and fourth that he made any kind of a fight.

We took up a position quite a distance behind his original front and I managed to get my crew over O.K. though one of the boys was killed after we got there. We dug ourselves in, got our guns up and, though we waited, he didn't come back. We managed to hold everything we had taken but those three days of holding were the hardest; weather bad and food poor, but we were finally relieved.

France, April 27th, 1917.

Our section so far, is having the best time, as we did the heaviest part of the work in the advance. We are in one of those large tunnels in which the ridge abounds and it is a wonderful piece of work, being a regular underground village over six hundred yards long; it has electric lights, running water and numerous rooms and will be quite a place for sight-seers after the war. I do not like them, however, so well as the above ones we used to make for ourselves; the air is too heavy and you never know whether it is night or day.

Well, Fritz is back a few miles further than he was before Easter. We are in reserve now just where our old front line was and one hardly ever sees a shell reach this far now. I have been over the ground we took and you would wonder how we were ever able to get it from his hands. It is about a mile in width and then slopes into a wide plateau, which runs as far as the eye can see. He was practically free for observation except for aeroplanes and could bring up almost anything he wanted without being seen. The far side of the Ridge was practically a net-work of Fritz's dug-outs, almost impregnable against shell-fire. He was safe as long as he stayed in them and I think he did so, for they looked as if they had been continually inhabited. To see the ground of his old first and second line, is to realise the thoroughness of our artillery. It is nothing but a mass of shell-holes overlapping one another and how he ever kept any at all is beyond me. That his morale is broken does not surprise one.

Reports are coming in of continual advances but no sight of him is visible. I have been up for a couple of nights and could see a series of fires in his rear; he is apparently setting fire to numerous villages before evacuating them. Enough about the war; best love to all.



## LIEUTENANT JOHN F. WILKINS

Lieut. Wilkins, youngest son of Mr. Robert C. Wilkins of Farnham, Quebec, was born in Montreal, 1897, and came to Loyola in 1906. Those who knew him while at Loyola remember him as a boy of strong character, with sterling qualities of mind and heart. That his future career did not belie such a promising beginning, is amply proven by the testimony of Chaplains and Officers, who had dealings with him at the Front.

Lieut. Wilkins went overseas with the 11th E.T. Battalion; when this was broken up, he served for a term with the 23rd in England and was then transferred to the 24th Victoria Rifles. He fell in action on August 15th, 1917, while leading his men in an attack. He had just succeeded in penetrating the enemy barrage to a distance of 800 yards and in attaining the objective sought for, when either a fragment of a shell or a sniper's bullet laid him low, causing instant death.

Not the least striking trait of his character was his devotion to his religion. Chaplains, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, have testi-

fied to his admirable spirit of piety. One non-Catholic writes of him thus: "I know from talking to him again and again what love he had for his Church, and what strong moral and religious principles were the backbone of his life. I feel sure he was ready for whatever might happen." As a boy he had been regular in his religious practices, and this fidelity still characterised him later on at a time, when not all are willing to make the sacrifices which such loyalty demands.

To his bereaved parents, Loyola College extends its sincere sympathy and condolence in their loss. We close with an extract from the Farnham newspaper:

"A memorial service for the late Lieut. John Fox Wilkins, who was killed in action 'Somewhere in France,' on August 15th, 1917, was held in St. Romuald's Church on Tuesday, at 9 o'clock. The church was appropriately draped and lighted, and over the catafalque rested the British flag. The Knights of Columbus attended in a body, as well as many friends from Montreal and the surrounding towns. The flags on public and private buildings floated at half-mast to honour the memory of one of Farnham's heroic sons."

## LETTERS FROM LIEUT. WILKINS

Bramshott, October 8th, 1916.

I am pleased to say that we are having a Mission in the Camp this week; it was opened this morning by the Bishop of Southampton. We shall have a sermon every night and finish next Sunday by confession and communion. I do not know if I shall be able to finish but at any rate I shall commence. I hope to get a chance to write to Mr. Brown, but it will be rather hard to get in four more letters before tea, as I have my mission to attend this evening.

Bramshott, Eng., October 11th, 1916.

I thank you very much for your kind wishes for my birthday, and trust that before another one comes round, this wicked war will be over and I shall be back home with you all. But I have set out to do my duty towards my country, my parents and my all; until this is achieved, we shall have to bear our little troubles, but by God's will, we shall soon be together again, my dear mother.

France, April 12th, 1917.

Our officer here is Col. Ritchie, a splendid chap; my brother-officers are all fine fellows and have treated me with all possible consideration and kindness. The Battalion forms part of the Canadian Division and has a good record in France.

Last week I spent four days in the trenches and last Thursday night I received my baptism of fire. I happened to be in a trench which Fritz decided to

try to hit; of course it is a most unpleasant experience to have shells and bullets flying and dropping about one, but in time one gets quite used to it. It is only fair to say that I was dreadfully nervous but I by no means gave way to my fears at any time.

The trenches are fearfully muddy and wet and it is no exaggeration to say that, at times, the water is knee-deep; it is quite an ordinary thing to be walking along a road or a trench with water up to one's ankles. One night I set out with a party of men to do some work on a certain trench in the Front line. We set out without a guide; I only knew the map location and was totally dependent upon sign-boards. It was pouring rain, and was very cold, considering the time of the year.

We went on and on, but could not find our position; we tried trench after trench until at last I realised that I was absolutely lost. No one around me knew where we were. The men by this time also realised that we were lost and some of them began to show signs of nervousness. Suddenly I got a message from the rear: "Party of men coming across No-Man's-Land towards you." I looked over the parapet and saw quite a good-sized party of men; it was difficult to say if it was a friendly or a hostile party. Naturally if it was the former, I did not want to open fire; if the latter, I could not afford to let them get away.

With visions of capturing a Hun raiding party single-handed, I leaped over the parapet and started crawling along on my stomach, through the mud, until I came to a shell-hole into which I crawled, drew my revolver and waited for signs of the party. Suddenly I saw them appear, but, Alas! all hopes were shattered; it was a small party of our men going out



✠  
R.I.P.



LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINS,  
24th Victoria Rifles.  
Killed in action, August 15th, 1917.  
Old Loyola, 1906.



on a special job, and as there was too much mud in the trenches, they were going overland. I turned and walked back to my own men and continued the search for the trench that I wanted.

On a certain afternoon, two other officers and myself started out to make a short reconnaissance of some work that we had to do that night. It was a beautiful afternoon and, strange to say, quite warm. We completed our work, and on our return, being somewhat heated up, decided to rest. We each coolly lighted a cigarette and were discussing the situation in a low voice, when I began to get a feeling of uneasiness.

I said nothing for a while, but at last, made the remark that I thought we had better move on. "Oh" came the reply, "We have plenty of time." Suddenly through the air came the hissing sound of a shell and we realised it was going to strike close. We threw ourselves close to the parapet; the shell soon arrived and a piece of shrapnel, about the size of a fifty-cent piece, landed in the trench in the exact spot that I had just vacated; even as it was, it was only about three yards from where I was at the time. Rest assured, we did not stand there any longer, but started down the trench at no very slow pace.

It is a queer sensation when the big shells explode close by, and the earth and shrapnel go up together around one. One never knows whether it is the earth or the shrapnel that is going to strike them. I have had a couple of experiences with the earth, but as yet have felt no shrapnel.

FROM FATHER HINGSTON, S.J.,  
CHAPLAIN

France, January 15th, 1918.

I saw a good deal of Jack at Valcartier Camp and found him a great help to me in my work. He used to go frequently to the Sacraments and was always ready to do all in his power to make it easy for the men of his Battalion to do likewise. On the eve of the departure of his Unit, he made arrangements for a general Communion.

I saw him for the last time on the morning when his Battalion moved out of Valcartier Camp. He, to his surprise and delight, though the youngest Officer, was not left behind, although some had to be left, as the Battalion had more than its full complement of officers.

Several of the Catholic Chaplains in France knew your son, and they all found him just as I had found him, proud of his Faith, regular and devout in approaching the Sacraments and always eager to be of assistance to the priest.

You will greatly miss him, but you will have the consolation of having given back to God, faithful and unspoiled, a soul that He had entrusted to you, one who departed this life in the pursuance of duty. You have sent him on before you, to welcome you to Heaven when your own time comes.

FROM REV. C. STUART, CAPTAIN  
(NON-CATHOLIC)

It is a great blow to us all after he had made so many friends; indeed his enthusiasm was absolutely inspiring. He seemed always so keen on his work and the way he led his men at Vimy Ridge was

very fine; he was so energetic in his practices that everything went like clock-work. It is regrettable that he did not have the satisfaction of seeing his work completed and the objective gained.

He was a splendid chap in every way and the Roman Catholic Chaplains in this Brigade often spoke to me of him. I know from talking to him again and again what strong moral and religious principles were the backbone of his life and I am sure he was ready for whatever might happen. Father Letang of the 28th Battalion had been with us for the three previous Sundays and your son never missed an opportunity of going to Mass. He was one of the finest fellows I have ever known and he leaves behind him the fragrant memory of a young but splendid life crowned by a yet more glorious death in defence of Justice and Right, the cause of Jesus Christ.

FROM LIEUT.-COL. RITCHIE,  
24th BN. CAN. V.R.C.

France, August 22nd, 1917.

Your son was a gallant officer and did splendid work the whole time that he was with us. He was very popular with both officers and men, being ever willing for any work that had to be done. I have lost in his death a very fine officer while you have lost a brave and splendid son.

It is very difficult for me to express my sympathy as I too have suffered in the loss of my young brother; he was also killed in the same attack.

(FROM THE SAME)

France, October 23rd, 1917.

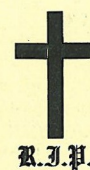
I am very sorry to say that we never found your son's body although the ground over which we advanced, was thoroughly searched. It was during this search that my brother's body was found.

My brother was hit very early in the attack; in fact he never got through the enemy barrage, whereas your son got through that and advanced about eight hundred yards with his platoon. The last that was seen of him was when he was occupying a shell-hole with his Company Sgt.-Major, waiting for our barrage to lift. A shell was seen to burst among them and your son and the Sgt.-Major were never seen again. His body we never found, yet he himself has found his reward and rest with Him who directs and rules all things.

Lieut. Wilkins was in my Headquarters a few minutes before the zero hour to report that all was ready. I shall never forget him; he looked so keen and the picture of health. Your son knew no fear and was an excellent officer both in and out of the trenches. He came to us first a few days before we made our attack on the 9th of April. As at that time everything had been settled, I could not take him in, although he begged me to do so; I then detailed him to a most important piece of work, digging the jumping-off trench. He took charge of this and did an excellent piece of work under the most trying conditions. It was his first time under fire and he was very cool and collected.

We lost a very fine officer when he was taken from us. He, along with those who have gone before us, has left us a very fine example which we are doing our best to follow.





PRIVATE LEO. M. SHORTALL,  
1st Newfoundland Batt.  
Died May 30th, 1918, of wounds received at Vimy Ridge.  
Old Loyola, 1913.



## PRIVATE DONALD A. MacARTHUR

Donald MacArthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. MacArthur, was born in Alexandria, Ont., in 1898. He received his early education in the local Separate School, the Alexander School, and afterwards entered Loyola College where he remained two years. While at Loyola, Donald made many friends for himself by his true sportsmanship, and, on several occasions, helped his fellow-athletes to win the laurels for the L.C.A.A.A.

### FROM FATHER E. J. MACDONALD, CHAPLAIN

Donald was one of my best boys. He never missed an opportunity of approaching the Sacraments and told me he remembered his prayers in the trenches. On November 2nd, I remarked he was one of the boys to receive Holy Communion; he was killed by a shell the next night, not far from the dressing station where I was. He is buried along with Lieutenant Pendergrast, A. E. Tobin and many others whose graves I blessed.

As a rule I keep as cool as possible, but on the morning of November 4th, to tell the truth, I nearly lost my nerve. I had lost many good friends and I knew how they would feel at home. I was comforted, however, by the knowledge that the day previous I had seen those friends receive Our Blessed Lord at my Mass. In Donald's case particularly, I felt at ease because I knew him like a book and knew he was always prepared to die.

I remember watching him at the Divisional Games some time ago. He did very well and I thought of his father and mother, and even thought of his future success in life. You yourselves have likewise dreamed those fond dreams of loving parents. You may now dream of a still more pleasing future, though not of this world, where all things are so uncertain, and sorrow so often blights. You can still remember Donald as you saw him; you can still remember that out here, he was even better, a brave lad, a successful scout, a good soldier, a weekly communicant. He often spoke of you all and of the reception he would get. My prayer will ever be that God will prepare a grander reception for you all when "ten thousand times ten thousand" gather round the throne.

### FROM LIEUT.-COL. D. J. MACDONALD, STRATHCONA HORSE

I was awfully sorry to hear of your loss and wish to express my deepest sympathy to yourself and Mr. MacArthur.

On leaving Loyola, he went to St. Michael's College, Toronto, whence he answered the Country's Call for soldiers, though not of military age at the time. Though a Sergeant with the 154th Canadian Highlanders, he sacrificed his stripes and reverted to the ranks, that he might have an earlier opportunity of doing his share at the Front.

Donald was a true Catholic as well as a soldier and, as such, made the supreme sacrifice on the 3rd of November, 1917.

To the bereaved family, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their son.

Last summer when I paid a visit to the Canadian Division, I looked up Donald and he was well and happy. I am sure that the hardship which he had to endure in the trenches, was no child's play, and that to the end he was happy in the knowledge that he was doing his duty.

When I heard that he had made the supreme sacrifice, I met an officer who was with Donald when he was hit by a piece of shell, and this officer told me that Donald's death was instantaneous. He spoke very highly of him and of his coolness and devotion to duty.

### FROM PRIVATE DONALD MacARTHUR

I now belong to the Scouts since we went over Hill 70. We go out in No-Man's-Land more than we used to; it is not such a bad place and most of the Scouts say they prefer it to the front line trenches. Very seldom any of the big shells strike there but sometimes you have to get very close to the ground to avoid machine gun fire. It is strange how quickly you can drop, and do not mind how muddy the ground is either. I have passed through quite a number of the cities destroyed by the Huns but he is paying the price every day.

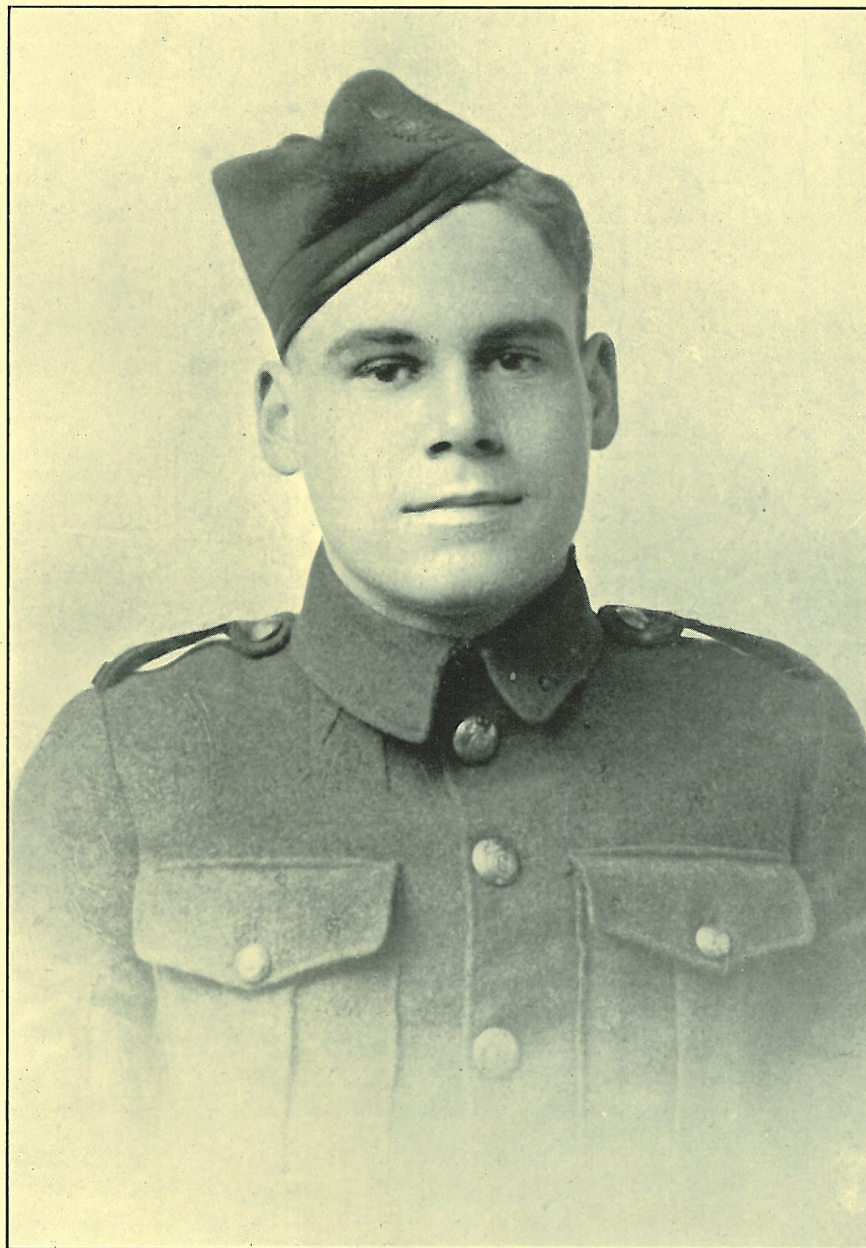
### FROM PRIVATE DONALD MacARTHUR (LAST LETTER HOME)

France, October 31st, 1917.

For the last few days we have been in tents, the first in nearly seven months and, believe me, I would not mind staying here for the rest of the war. It is a real home, as the boys call any place that is quiet, with none of Fritz's iron-mines flying around.

No doubt you read of the good work the Canadians are doing. I hope we shall have no more fighting after the next big show, but I would rather be doing my little bit here than running around dodging the Army. After this war, I will be just like father, not caring for anything like a Circus, for I see more than any Circus can show.





PRIVATE DONALD A. MacARTHUR,  
Killed in action, November 3rd, 1917.  
Old Loyola, 1913.



## PTE. LEO. SHORTALL

On the 29th of April last, at the King George Hospital, London, Leo. M. Shortall died of wounds inflicted during the Vimy Ridge engagement.

Leo came to Loyola in 1913; soon after the outbreak of war, he enlisted and went overseas as Private in the 1st Newfoundland Battalion. He took part in many of the big battles and gave a good account of himself, as did every man in the Battalion.

At College he was a congenial companion and made many friends for himself during

his short stay, friends who will not soon forget his kind and generous nature.

Leo was a fervent Catholic and his many letters home from the hospital breathe a spirit of deep Christian submission in his severe and prolonged suffering. We quote below from his letter in last year's "Review," as it gives details of his pitiful state when picked up on the battlefield.

The Faculty and students extend to Leo's family and relatives their most sincere sympathy in this great loss.

## FROM LEO SHORTALL

King George Hospital,  
Stanford St., London,  
May 2nd, 1917.

Well here I am in London with six wounds and a broken leg. Fritz got me pretty hard when he did get me. I have one in my right hip, one in my right groin, one in the right side of my stomach, one in my left thigh and one in my left arm. My right leg is broken close to the body.

We made a charge the 15th of April, and just as we got as far as we were to go—the German second line—I heard the rattle of a machine gun at close quarters, and then something struck me like the kick of a horse. It turned me right over on my back. I was lying out two days and two nights before the Red

Cross got me. You can guess what I suffered. You don't know what thirst is yet, and I hope to God you never will. Remember me to all the boys and Fathers.

King George Hospital, London,  
November 5th, 1917.

Well I am doing O.K. now and with God's help the turn has come; of course sometimes I feel pretty poorly but that is to be expected.

I am sending you a picture of one of the Red Cross men, a Mr. Close, who carried me off the train to the ambulance, when I landed here at Waterloo Station. These men are too old for Military Service but they give so many nights a week to the Red Cross. They have to buy their own uniforms and they get no pay. The great majority are all well-to-do business men.

## LIEUTENANT JAMES B. DOMVILLE

Lieut. James de Beaujeu Domville, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Domville of Rosemere, Que., began his early education at Loyola. He afterwards went to Stonyhurst, England, and thence to Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.; he was in attendance at the latter when war was declared.

He enlisted in the Royal Air Force and had almost completed his training as pilot when he met his death. His superior officers spoke of him in high terms as a

promising pilot, and of his constant application to duty.

Though death came suddenly there is no doubt Lieut. Domville was prepared to make the sacrifice. In a letter to his mother he says: "If your heart is pure, mother, and you are ready to face God, what does it matter, now or later?"

To his bereaved family, Loyola extends its most sincere sympathies.

## FACTS ABOUT LIEUT. DOMVILLE'S DEATH

Station Headquarters, R.F.C., Deseronto.

He had done approximately two hours Solo and was up in a machine by himself, when at a height of about 500 feet, he collided with another machine. The ensuing crash resulted in the death of your son and Cadet Kramer, an occupant of the other machine,

and the injury of 2nd Lieut. Bridgman, who was instructing Cadet Kramer.

Your son was a promising pilot and his death is a distinct loss to the service. He can have suffered no pain as he was unconscious when his machine struck the ground, and he died a few minutes after being removed from the machine.





LIEUT. JAMES DE BEAUJEU DOMVILLE,  
R.A.F.

Killed in training at Camp Mohawk.  
Old Loyola, 1907.



## FLIGHT-LIEUT. ARTHUR DISSETTE, R.N.A.S.

Arthur attended Loyola from 1901 to 1903 and afterwards continued his studies at the Technical School, Toronto, and the University of Toronto. After finishing his education, he went to Vancouver where he was engaged in the automobile business. He enlisted shortly after the outbreak of the war, and after a course of training in England, was sent to France.

During his stay in France, he was sent with other aviators on night raids over munition plants and was also engaged in aerial fighting in the Somme section. He took part in some of the most thrilling aerial conflicts recorded during the war for which he received the "Croix de Guerre" from the President of France, as well as Military honours from the King of England.

With him passed away a gallant soldier

### FROM FATHER JOS. BRUTSAERT

Watou, Belgium.

I wish to offer you my deep sympathy in the loss of your son, Lieut. Dissette. Your dear son was billeted for a certain time in my neighborhood and used to come regularly to see me. I always remarked that he was a thorough Catholic, living according to his Faith and fulfilling his duties towards God and his Church. I gave him absolution two days before his death on June 2nd.

It will be a great consolation for you to know that your son died in the friendship of the Lord, fighting in defence of his country's honour. From Heaven he will watch over all his dear relations, and he will pray for those who were so dear to his heart.

To give you an example of his good dispositions, he told me, in one of his last visits, that for a time he had been unable to assist at Holy Mass on Sundays, consequently he wished me to accept an offering for any poor church in Belgium. "It is my duty," he said, "to give part of my wages to God, who has been so good to me." Such sentiments do honour to the son, but they also do honour to the parents, who gave him such a good education.

Your son died as a martyr for a noble cause in defence of his country and also for justice. Many a

and a loyal son of the Catholic Church. No nobler tribute could be paid him than that given by a Belgian priest, Father Joseph Brutsaert, who gave him his last absolution on May 31st, two days before Arthur was killed. Father Brutsaert's letter is given below.

Arthur's brother, Frank, also a former student of Loyola, passed away suddenly at his home in Toronto, on the 29th of April, 1918. Frank was widely known for his skill as a hockey player. He was engaged in business in Toronto for many years before his untimely death. Frank was a thorough Catholic gentleman and esteemed by all who knew him.

To Arthur's and Frank's parents and relatives, Loyola extends here most heartfelt sympathy.

time he told me that it was his greatest happiness to be of service to his country and to fight for Belgium on account of the injustice done it.

I have already twice visited the grave of my dear friend and promise you to look after it well. But—and this will be more helpful—I shall remember him in my prayers and especially in Holy Mass. May our Lord grant to your dear son Eternal Rest and give you, his sorrowing relatives, consolation and strength to bear this great cross with resignation to God's Holy Will.

### OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF "CROIX DE GUERRE"

The Admiralty, Whitehall,

Sir: London, S.W., July 10th, 1917.

I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to forward herewith the "Croix de Guerre" awarded to your son, the late Flight Sub-Lieutenant Arthur C. Dissette, Royal Naval Air Service, by the President of the French Republic.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) CHARLES WALKER,  
(For Secretary).

R. Dissette, Esquire,  
339 Yonge St.,  
Toronto, Canada.

## CAPTAIN EDWARD DWYER

Edward Dwyer was a student here from 1898 to 1900. He entered the Militia early in life and served there for many years, being advanced from 2nd Lieutenant to Captain. On arriving in England, he gave up his Captaincy in order to get over sooner to France; he later won back his Captain's Commission on the field of battle.

His family received but few details concerning his death. He had been detailed to Italy to register the soldiers' votes, when his ship was torpedoed off the coast of Spain.

The boats were lowered and every effort was made to save Captain Dwyer, especially as he had important papers in his possession. The salvage crew managed to put him in the life-boat, but unfortunately it was capsized and he was drowned.

Captain Dwyer was a man of excellent qualities of mind and heart, and was greatly esteemed by his associates. On behalf of Loyola we offer his relatives our deep sympathy in their grief.



+

R.I.P.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. ARTHUR DISSETTE,  
R.N.A.S.

Killed in action, June 2nd, 1917.  
Old Loyola, 1901.



## LIEUTENANT HENRI DE VARENNES

The Editors of the "Review" regret that they were unable to procure direct information concerning Lieut. De Varennes. They

France, September 2nd, 1917.

You have heard the sad news of the Henri de Varennes' death. I learned of it only to-day from Father Fortier, O.M.I. It was a shock to me, as it is not two months since I saw him in England, and he had been only a few weeks in France when he was killed.

I had taken an unusual interest in Henri ever since he began his career at Loyola as a very small boy. In course of time I became his teacher for two years. He was an exceptionally clever boy, most successful in his studies, as the yearly Prize Lists show, and though not a hard worker, he was steady and reliable. He had, moreover, a taste for reading, especially for History.

When, after spending six or eight years at Loyola, he went to St. Mary's for his Philosophy, I was pleased, as I thought contact with French-Canadian

must therefore restrict themselves to the following extract from a letter written by Father W. Hingston, S.J.

fellow-students useful to him in view of his future. I always fancied that some day he would become a prominent figure in political life.

He was the only son, a descendant of the famous Varennes de la Verendrye who, with his sons, was the discoverer of much of Western Canada beyond the Great Lakes. A great great-grand aunt was the saintly Mme. d'Youville, Foundress of the Grey Nuns.

I last saw him at Shoreham Camp, Sussex. He was tall and broad and bronzed by the sun. He had thrown himself with all his energy into the study of tactics and was reputed a very good officer. Father Fortier tells me that, in the few weeks he was in France, he had already earned the reputation of a keen and efficient officer, and likewise of a most devout Catholic. Henri was always a frequent communicant and he was most exemplary in his whole life. R.I.P.

## LIEUTENANT GUY PALARDY

Lieutenant Guy Palardy of the 62nd Squadron R.A.F. was the son of Dr. Hector Palardy, District Health Inspector for the Superior Board of Health. He received the greater part of his education at St. Mary's College, coming to Loyola the year previous to his enlistment for Active Service.

The details of the accident which caused his death are given in a letter from the O.C. to his father: "Almost immediately after leaving the ground, his engine cut out, the machine stalled, and before he could

regain control, it crashed to the ground. I need hardly say how deeply grieved we all were at Lieut. Palardy's death. He already showed great keenness, and both his Flight-Commander and myself considered he was the right kind of fellow to make a good war pilot."

Lieut. Palardy died on May 7th, 1918, in No. 59 Clearing Station, France. To his bereaved family and relatives, Loyola extends heartfelt sympathy.

## FROM LIEUT. PALARDY

R.F.C. Rendcomb,

Cirencester,

Feb. 25, 1918.

I had a bad crash the other day; luckily I fell into a tree. I smashed the machine to pieces. The engine flew out of its bearings but I didn't get hurt. There was something really funny about it; I was perched in the top of a tree and they had to get a ladder to get me down. It happened that another machine was just going to hit me, so I tried a dangerous turn and side-slipped into the trees.

When it happened, the mechanics rushed around to get my bones. They kept staring at me thinking I

was dead while I was yelling from the top of a tree to get a ladder and let me down. They kept looking at me without moving until they finally got a ladder for me. It was later discovered that the controls caught in my flying coat thus preventing my straightening out the machine.

Cirencester,

March 12th, 1918.

Our machines have up to 400 horse-power. They are about the most powerful machine at the Front and are just as fast as scouts, the only difference is that you have an observer with you who sees that no Germans get behind.







CAPTAIN EDWARD DWYER,  
85th Highlanders.  
Drowned on Torpedoed British Transport.  
Old Loyola, 1898.



## Letters from the Front



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE J. BOYCE, D.S.O.

Lieut.-Col. Boyce, one of Loyola's most loyal sons (1907), received the Distinguished Service Order in the recent Birthday Honours

FROM LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE BOYCE, D.S.O.

France,

April 9th, 1918

News of dear old Loyola is always so welcome. Occasionally we become reminiscent and go back in fancy to the days now long gone, and all the memories are happy ones. The gay companions of long ago, the Masters whom we sometimes considered strict, but where would many of us be now, were it not for the splendid training received at the old College? All one can say is: "Here's to them, every one of them."

Loyola has a long list of sons serving in the present struggle; and whatever may come to us, we are proud to grant all true credit to our Alma Mater. The Old Boys out here greet those of the rising generation now at the college. We wish them good luck and success in all things which we fully expect will be theirs.

Particular reasons may call me home soon, in which case you will see me in Montreal. I shall be four years away from home in September and a little while with the family would be much appreciated.

One expression of ours out here is "Up Canada, every old time!" To this, one might add, "Up Loyola, every old time!"

FROM CAPTAIN THE REV. W. H. HINGSTON, S.J.

France, January 16th, 1918

Last Sunday I said Mass at X—; I had to pass through a place which Fritz had been shelling that morning. There were two roads I could take, the main road or the path through the fields. I chose the path, and on the way, saw the effects of the morning's shelling, a dozen new shell-holes in the field to right and left of the foot-path.

At the village I heard about twenty confessions; I finished earlier than usual and started for home. Meanwhile Fritz had begun shelling again. On returning I took the road instead of the path, which would be decidedly unhealthy if Fritz continued firing short.

As I got into the village, I heard the distant boom of a departing shell. After about seven seconds, I caught the beginning of the whine, and knew that that shell was not for me in any case. Hundreds of people heard the boom and the whine, and stood white-faced at their doorsteps, looking up the street in terror and waiting for the crash.

Some soldiers going up the road took to the fields to give the road a wide berth. I would have done likewise but it would not have been easy. Bob (my horse) could have climbed the bank, but there was a

barb-wire fence beyond. Besides, Bob is mortally afraid of shells, and at the rate at which he was travelling, I would soon be out of the danger zone.

Just then I caught another boom, followed by the whine and the crash. The shell cleaved the road and I saw it demolish a house on the opposite side. Bob was now travelling at an unheard-of rate and I arrived at the spot only a few seconds after the shell. A little cloud of dust was blowing from the ruins across our path.

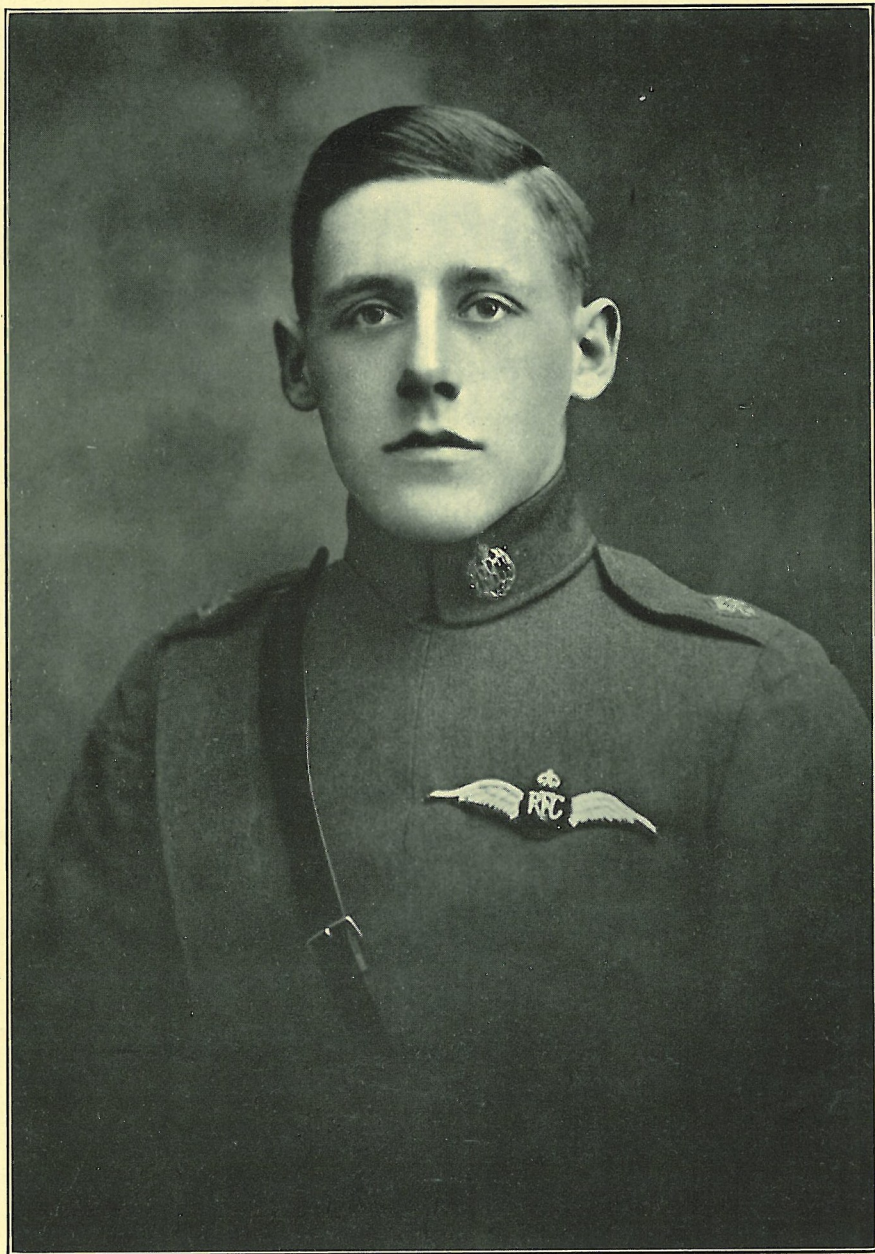
Somewhat further back in the road, a house had been struck for the second time and beams and other debris lay in the road. A few seconds more and I was beyond the danger zone; and I soon arrived at the presbytery door, with Bob trembling with fright.

In all, thirty-seven shells were dropped with only one casualty. A man fleeing from the shelling was struck while going down the very road I had come up. A splinter of a shell had burst two hundred yards away and a piece about two inches long had gone through his right shoulder from behind, took a strange course and came out in front without damaging his lung.

In the evening I had beads and Benediction for the soldiers.



✠  
R.I.P.



LIEUT. GUY PALARDY,  
62nd Squadron R.A.F.  
Died of wounds, May 6th, 1918.  
Old Loyola, 1917.



## FROM CAPTAIN JOHN WICKHAM

Can. Gen. Hospital, England,  
December 10th, 1917.

A new moonlight period has been on for some days, and as a consequence of the light, we have been treated to very delightful air-raids, first by Zepps. and then by planes. You have read of what happened to the Zepps.; our guns chased them miles up in the sky, their engines became frozen, they drifted over to France by morning, and then the French had a great time smashing the brutes.

In one air-raid lately, the guns started at 10.45 p.m. and continued until 3 a.m. It was a wonderful

game of chance but of course, somewhat nerving. I counted thirty periods of eight shots each from the Battery, making 240 shells fired by it alone. We could hear the Hun planes more distinctly than ever before. They sounded just over our heads; fortunately no bombs were dropped that we could hear. Except for the expectant danger of falling bombs, it was most exciting.

Living is very expensive. Ordinary foods are scarce and double or triple the former prices. Rolled oats scarce and dear; fresh eggs are nine cents each; bacon fifty cents a pound; butter fifty cents a pound or more. Potatoes are cheap and plentiful. Coal is ten dollars a ton.

## FROM CAPTAIN AUSTIN LATCHFORD

France, April 8th, 1916

Since the Royal Fusiliers and the Northumberlanders attacked near — some days ago, this has been the hottest part of the Western front, except Verdun.

Between the shellings, I managed to get down through the communication trench, and after wandering about trying to locate my men, I finally found my Corporal alive and unwounded. He was unable to tell me whether or not the gun was smashed, so, though I didn't think we would get back alive, I took the Corporal and we started to get the gun. We got it out just before the Hun started putting 5.9" H.E. into the boys in the place where the gun had been.

The parapets were all blown in and the trenches were blocked with sandbags and dead men; in some places the parapet was levelled to the ground. Needless to say, I doubled past these spots, crouched as low as I could; however, I couldn't go very fast, as I had given the Corporal the gun and had taken the forecarriage myself, the latter being more difficult to handle. I was sniped at, but missed, on my way back. I didn't mind that so much as the fact that on the return trip, I was just about thirty yards ahead of the 5.9"s, which the Hun was putting in with

beautiful regularity. I kept that lead all the way down to the infantry dugouts; once there I "froze" to the rear side of a dugout until the 5.9"s had passed up the line.

I set out as soon as he stopped shelling it. We had just got out of it when he started in on it again; however, our luck held, and he didn't strafe the road above it. The trenches were in a terrible state, and to get the gun out, we had to walk over the poor dead chaps in the ruined parts of the trench, Lord have mercy on them! They were all good Canadians, brave Westerners.

I went to Confession yesterday, so don't worry about my spiritual state. Trench mortars are certainly exciting enough, but it's a pretty tough proposition—either a Military Cross or a wooden one.

Such sights as I saw in these trenches, I never wish to see again, although I probably shall before I am much older. They were unable to get the wounded out, not to speak of the dead, whose bodies blocked the trenches. Only the slightly and less seriously wounded had a chance; it has continued thus since, a terrific bombardment occurring yesterday afternoon. This is where the "Princess Pats" were cut up last year.

## FROM LIEUT. JAMES LATCHFORD

(Brother of above)

Near Passchendaele, Oct. 14th, 1914.

You know by this time where we are; it is the worst place yet, and the Somme was a home to it. Mud, water everywhere, broken guns, shattered waggon, overturned ambulances, dead horses by the score; men and pieces of men everywhere. Had it not been for my dissecting-room experience, I would find it ghastly, but it does not bother me at all. In fact—horrible dictu!—I find a dead soldier a good thing to step on when crossing the bottomless bogs.

The Hun can change a landscape, but hedge lines, roads, hills and embankments cannot be entirely obliterated; however, they don't look the same as they used to. In an exam. at Kingston, I was asked to point out a church in a certain village. It was then well behind the Hun lines and I did not dream that I should ever see it; well, I did see it recently. Some of the walls remain, but it is distinguishable as a church only by its map location.

## FROM LIEUTENANT NEIL MURPHY

France, December 16th, 1917.

We made a fake air-raid to-day on an aerodrome of a night-bombing squadron. They had a dog which one of the officers had found in a Hun dug-out; when we left them after a few days, we stole the dog and brought him with us; that was about a month and a half ago. We had him until about a week ago, when three or four of the officers of that squadron came over here on a visit. There was quite a breeze before they started home, and during the excitement, they sneaked the dog into their car and got away.

To-day we took six machines and flew over in formation; when we got over their aerodrome, we all dived and scattered the bunch who had come out to look. Then we landed and started talking to them; while we kept their attention, one of the chaps stole

the dog, rushed out to his machine and put him in. By the time they realised what had happened, he was in the air. We had a hard time to get away but managed it and now we are expecting a raid at any time, by air or land. Wouldn't you think we were a bunch of school-boys? Well we must do something for amusement or we would go crazy.

France, 1917.

Everything takes on a different aspect from the air. As one goes up high, hills and hollows are practically blotted out and the earth looks nearly flat. The higher up one goes, the more does the earth look like the map. It takes a great deal of practice before one can recognize things for what they really are.



FROM MAJOR GEO. P. VANIER

France, July 12th, 1917.

A few days ago, I had the privilege of receiving the "Cross of the Legion of Honour" from the hands of the French Minister M. Painleve. It was the proudest moment of my life. To a French-Canadian, a decoration awarded by France has a two-fold significance. I shall forward the Cross to you as soon as I find a suitable occasion.

London, Eng., Sept. 25th, 1918.

I am in London on twelve days' leave. I had hoped I would be free from gun-fire for some time; my hopes were unfounded. During the performance of "Cheep" at the Vaudeville, it was announced that aeroplanes were about. Shortly after, heavy anti-craft gun-fire was heard and there was no respite for over an hour. Bombs were dropped but casualties were slight; six killed and twenty wounded. It is very probable that nightly raids on London will take place during the coming week at least, as there is an early moon and the weather is ideal for raiders.

London, October 2nd, 1917.

There have been raids on London each night since my leave. It's a bit of a nuisance; there are a great number of people who take very badly to the raids and who, in theatres and other public places, make scenes that are far from soothing.

Generally speaking the conduct of the civilians is splendid; when the official air-raid warning is given, they take cover quietly and remain in places of relative safety until the "All Clear" signal is given. I saw McDougall yesterday; also ran into Horace Perodeau.

FROM LIEUTENANT EDWARD DUCKETT

Somewhere in France,

March 3rd, 1918.

It is quite a novel experience to be in the midst of your men, when suddenly whizz bang! you fall flat to escape the shrapnel; you rise only to drop for another and they keep coming all the time. The feeling of being responsible for 200 yards of Front at night with Fritz's machine guns going "pat-pat-pat" over your head, is a strange experience.

Still it is remarkable how casually one takes things. When I went out into No-Man's Land to inspect my wire and frontage, I suddenly heard Whizz, whizz, whizz! I dodged into a shell-hole as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Fritz sends across many kinds of shells; there is the "Fish-tail," "Coal-Box," "Sancisse," "Whizz-Bang" and the "Flying-Pig." After a time, one gets to know which are our shells and which are those of Fritz.

At times, I have seen the air above us simply filled with shells, all falling far behind or overhead. One morning about six o'clock, a Fritz plane flew about 90 feet over our line and I used the machine gun on him three times, while he did likewise. Another man was sniping at him with a rifle while he flew away dropping flares; inside of one minute we were dodging shells of all kinds. As you see, these flares were a signal for the artillery to open fire.

France, March 11th, 1918

I am out in a field near our hut, enjoying the air and considering at the same time how much food



MAJ.-ADJT. GEORGE P. VANIER, M.C.

Old Loyola (1897-1906), B.A. '06.

Major Vanier, who last year received the Military Cross, was this year decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

for thought presents itself at the present moment before my eyes.

I am in a valley, entirely surrounded by ridges which are lined according to the old French system. In the distance, not far off, I hear the continuous roar of cannon; before me I see ruins and nothing but ruins, while, standing up defiantly among these relics of war, is a church. It is a cathedral, and through broken panes, the sun streams in varied colours, while afar off, a mile or so, farmers are tilling the ground, and in one place, a few women are re-erecting their home.

I see a country ravaged by the monster of War,



and Civilization trying to come into her own by removing and destroying the memories of the terror. I would I were a poet, for I would simply rave, but being only a soldier, I see in it all the wonderful soul of that glorious France, who even though crushed, remains unconquered.

I was out with a hundred men last night laying wire entanglements; It is unpleasant but not hard work—unpleasant because Fritz shells us.

I suppose you heard of our beloved Chaplain's death. He was instantly killed by a shell which

fell through the roof of the dressing-hut and struck him while attending a wounded man. His service was held to-day in the little village in the midst of those he loved so well and whom he called his children. I saw him just before and immediately after his death, as I was around the spot at the time. The work of the boys in general has been magnificent; no sacrifice seems too great.

I made my Easter duty about two weeks ago. Good-bye for now.

FROM E. C. AMOS, R.C.N.V.C.

H.M.C.S. "Stadacona,"

Halifax, Feb. 4th, 1918.

..... We have been patrolling all winter—at least, that is what it is officially called; amongst ourselves we call it all sorts of things, complimentary or otherwise, according to the mood of the moment. We are five days in and five out. Of our five days in port, we spend the best part of two, coaling, watering and provisioning ship. The remaining time, save for the ship's regular routine, is spent mostly on shore trying to shake up a "time," which generally materialises.

Our patrol work is occasionally varied by convoy work, which is often quite a relief.

The whole business may sound rather monotonous, but we certainly don't find it so, as there are a hundred things to make it interesting, and at times

quite lively. We have had our share of dirty weather, and it is exciting enough in a small way when things begin to slide about and you have to hang on to whatever is handiest, to avoid being pitched along the deck.

Now that I am watchkeeping, I find it very different from what it was last summer, when I was in training and had no responsibilities. It is watch on and watch off, and the beauty of it is that a thousand and one things, which must be attended to, invariably turn up when you feel like turning in during your watch off. Such is life!

I met Duncan Desbarats ashore the other day. It was the first time I had seen him for a year. We had dinner together, followed by a long chat. He has joined the Wireless Branch, and is, I believe, an operator on one of our trawlers, the "Festubert."

FROM FLIGHT-LIEUT. GORDON M. CARLIN

Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.,

Sept 12th, 1917

I had a wonderful time when on leave. I went to see Brother O'Connor, of the Presentation Brothers in Dublin; he entertained us for a day and wired their house at Killarney. The Brother Superior met me at the station, and after luncheon, sent several of the Brothers with me to visit the beauty spots. I spent two days with them; Killarney with "its lakes and fells" is truly an earthly paradise, and, in my opinion, the most beautiful spot in the world.

Mychett Camp, Aldershot, Eng.,

Sept. 22nd, 1917

Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, we left Witley on a fourteen-mile march. We arrived here at 5.45 P.M., which was pretty good, considering that we carried our rifles and kit. One meat sandwich and one jam sandwich were given us to last from dinner to to-morrow's breakfast.

This morning Reveille sounded at 5.15; then "en route" for the firing ranges. When dismissed, Bob Coughlin and I went to Aldershot, finding much to interest us. We made enquiries and were

directed to the Catholic Church, where a Father O'Flaherty heard our confessions.

Monday evening next, all the Loyola boys, that is, Lieuts. Burke, Kearney, Pickett, with Gunners McLaughlin, Tellier, Coughlin, Browne, Leach, Moore and myself are to have a photograph taken; this is to be followed by a Loyola banquet. The Irish Rangers have been here before us, as their crest is painted on the wall.

Royal Naval Air Station, Roehampton,

April 4th, 1918

Some answers to your queries: (1) In ascending we let out ballast, that is, shake out sand. If we threw out a bag at a time, the chance pedestrian's feelings might be hurt. (2) We are forbidden to stay above clouds more than 15 minutes when wind is blowing towards sea. (3) Parachutes are O.K. You jump overboard, drop a hundred feet, get a nice jar when it opens and float safely (?) to the ground.

Advice in making parachute descents. (Gems taken from one of our manuals). (1) If you land on telegraph wires, grab two, as one may break. (2) If crashing against a building, get something more secure than the rain-pipe as it may give way. (3) When landing in a tree, grasp a strong limb.

FROM CORPORAL J. STANLEY HUGHES

France Dec. 22nd, 1917

Since writing last, things have been pretty hot along the line, but fortunately, except for a few bad scares, I am O.K. to date; we have been working day and night. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to shoot a few of our iron tonic pills over to Fritz to divide among himself and his friends—if he has any.

Our boys have done splendid work, not without paying the Great Price, but please do not worry, for with the help of God, I shall pull through as I did here before; so just continue praying for me

that some day soon I shall be back to Home Sweet Home with everyone I love so much.

I heard this A.M. that an old pal of mine, when at Loyola, was killed yesterday at Ypres, namely Stanton Hudson. I saw him just the other day; he was in the best of spirits and we had an interesting talk about Loyola and the good old days there. I promised to go over again to-day, and when I got around to his Company, I was informed he had been killed. They say he was the last man left at his post and that he died a hero's death. He has since been recommended for the D.C.M.



## FROM GUNNER JOHN COUGHLIN

England, Feb. 10th, 1918.

It is very beautiful here now, especially in this spot, among pretty hills and a quaint town not far away. It is easy to jump around from one country to another over here—in peace times. During my journey from Petewawa to Digby, I might have crossed several countries, or at least have touched them, had I covered an equal amount of ground on this side and chosen the route well.

To-night is our last Saturday in England, so all the R.C.'s. are going to confession and communion. All the priests we see now are soldiers. It took me quite a while to get used to seeing khaki showing beneath the robes, instead of black. But they are all splendid men and a good many of them have been gassed and wounded, themselves. So they know just how to handle the boys and what they are up against.

France, March 29th, 1918.

Bob and I are living in a splinter-proof dug-out. I am glad to hear that father is still so interested in the College team. I would like to have seen some of those games, especially the one in which "Irish" Loneragan kept Loyola in the running by tying the score with McGill in the last half-minute.

Just at present we are situated in a very interesting place in the line and, if it were possible, I could send home all kinds of souvenirs; the curio dealers at home would pay large prices for them, while here they are regarded as so much old "junk."

There are several nests of larks near us, and all day, from morning to the last thing at night, they are singing their beautiful songs. They start the moment they leave the ground and soar up almost out of sight, singing all the time; but as soon as they start to drop to earth, their songs cease. It is too bad we haven't some of those birds in Canada. There was one near my tent in Petewawa which often woke me up in the morning with its song.

I have also seen butterflies floating around on bright days; can you imagine butterflies in Canada in March? We have passed through some beautiful country and also through some that is badly battered up. In some parts, only a few miles from the battle-line, one would not know there was a war going on. All the fields are green or ploughed; trees are budding and birds sing all day.

France, March 31st, 1918.

We are living in dug-outs now, nice little holes dug into the ground; it is surprising how comfortable one can make himself in a dug-out. Of course one has to work hard to accomplish this.

## FROM LIEUT. JOHN KEARNEY, C.F.A.

Belgium Nov. 12, 1917

France is a peculiar looking country: the roads wind through the water like the rivers at home run through the land. Geologists might find fault with the statement that I am about to make, but I could find lots of eye-witnesses to support me when I say that the lowest level at which water can be found in this country is about a foot and a half above the ground. . . . .

Nov. 18, 1917

. . . . . I was at Communion on Sunday. It may be the last chance I shall have before going forward, so I made the best use of it. The strange part of it was that I received after breakfast for the first time in my life. . . . .

Nov. 23, 1917

. . . . . I am not staying long in any one place. The last spot we were in was a hot one. Fritz shelled

Yesterday I had my first experience of shell-fire. It was my turn to go up, and on the way we had to go through a position which was being shelled by Fritz. As soon as we would hear one coming, we would start for the nearest ditch or shell-hole, and try to make ourselves as small as possible. Two of them landed near us and threw up lots of dirt, but that was all!

France, April 5th, 1918.

I hear that the College lost out in the City League. That was hard luck for they gave the others a good run. Is the College getting out an "Annual" this year? If so, don't forget to send me one over.

France, March 14th, 1918.

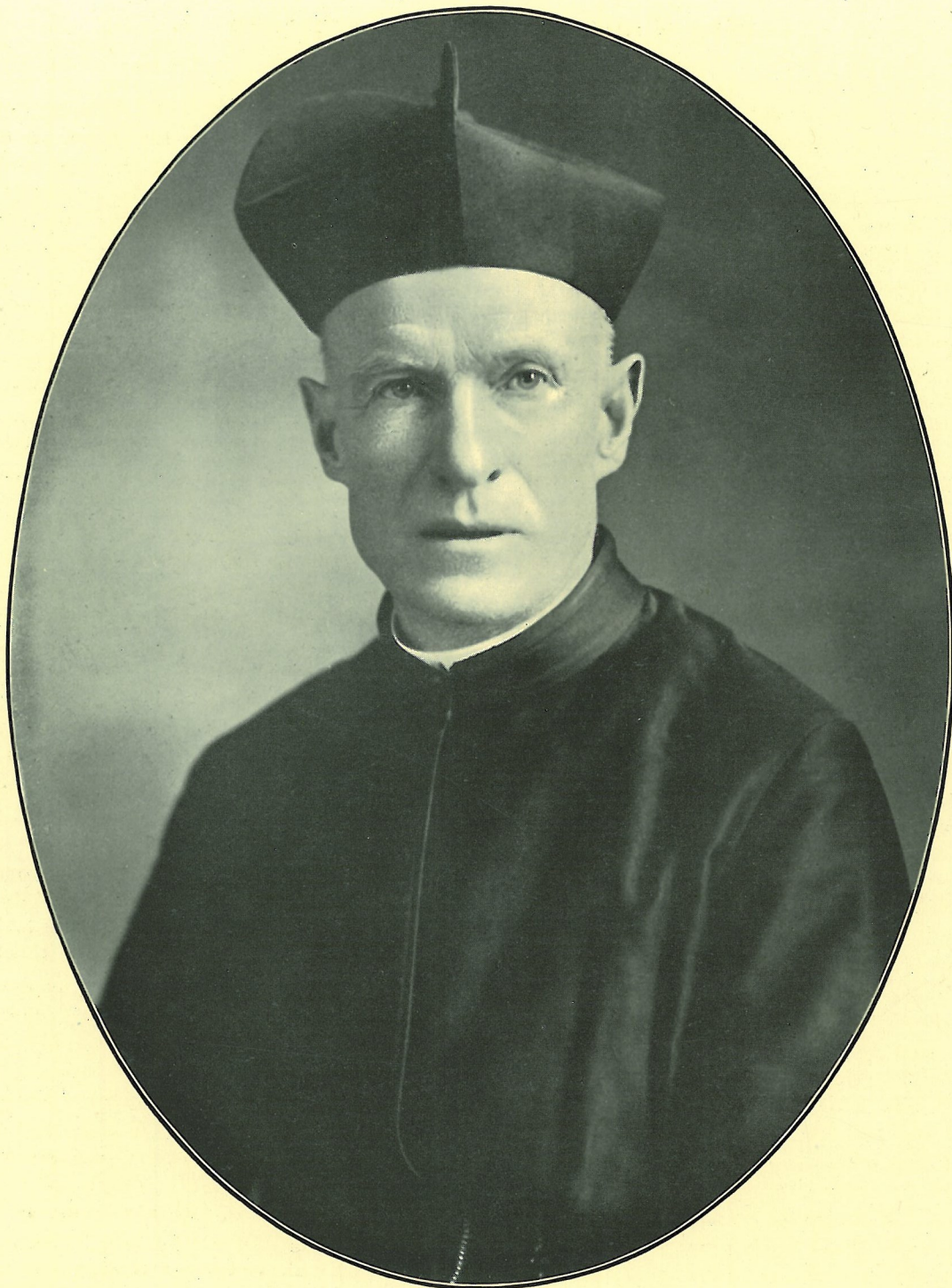
Bob and I have been in France for quite a while, and are more or less used to hear them whistling over our heads. Seven shrapnel shells burst over my head the other morning at 3.30 while I was on guard and sprinkled the field behind me with their little love messages. No harm was done but it kept me rather interested for a while.

We are in a pretty quiet part of the line; the shells bother us only occasionally. The mud and rain have caused us more discomfort. When we first came here it rained for a whole week, however we are in fine shape now. We have to work hard, but when we get into the dug-out and start our oil-can stove with the cartridge-case pipe, all our worries disappear. You would never know there was a war on, if you would drop in suddenly and see us cooking porridge and warbling away about the "Sunshine of your Smile."

I have seen many of the boys; "Happy" McLaughlin was over to see me to-day, Bob also was over; he is signalling-observer. I have not seen John Kearney yet. I had a bit of luck in London. Bob and I met Carlin there; he is in the Air Service. I was sorry to hear the College was defeated in the City League, but there are plenty of more seasons coming. How is the old "Annual" this year; all the boys are impatient to receive a copy and you can be sure that it will be received nowhere with greater enthusiasm. We never knew what a good old place the College is until we got away from it. I am looking forward to that class-reunion which is to take place in a couple of years. The boys will have some interesting experiences to relate at that gathering.

us every night but the best he got out of it was five mules. It is a peculiar sensation to be under fire in the dark; you see when a big gun is pointed directly at us, we can hear it easily above all the other noise. We then wait for the scream of the shell and the explosion, which follow. Why, we can hear the report of the gun before it gets to us because it has a high trajectory and takes a long time in its flight. It is much the same as sitting in the dark and having some one unwinding the wire from an old-style gingerale bottle. One can hear the fizz and know what is coming but it is inconvenient not knowing whether you or someone else is going to get it in the face. I have said good-bye to my kit. It has been a nuisance to be without it, when one sleeps on the ground. The rats have an affectionate way of rubbing their fur against your cheek. This is a soothing sensation and not so very disagreeable but some of the blighters spoil the party by putting their feet in your mouth. . .





VERY REVEREND WILLIAM POWER, S.J.  
Representative of Father General of the Society of Jesus.

Father Power has written for us the  
article entitled "The College and the  
Battlefield"—on the opposite page.



## The College and the Battlefield

(By Father Power, S.J.)

It has fallen to the lot of the present generation to see the whole world convulsed as it never has been before. A gigantic struggle is taking place under our very eyes, taxing to the utmost the national resources of the different belligerents, and creating many a difficult problem which unborn generations will be called on to solve. The piping times of peace have long since been relegated to the realms of romance, and tocsin, trumpet and drum mingle their discordant notes to fire the warrior's soul and send with doubled speed the blood coursing through his veins. At such a crisis it is but natural that the claims of patriotism should resound in every ear and that Nelson's spirit should be evoked, to trumpet forth once more his famous appeal for every man to do his duty. Private citizens are challenged as to the share they are taking in the general storm and stress, and still more, public institutions, and most of all, such public institutions as Loyola, which boldly disclaim all private selfish aims as totally at variance with their spirit and character, and profess to live and to work simply for the general weal.

Many a man prone to superficial observation and hasty conclusions would be tempted to say: In times of peace such institutions certainly have their advantages, for they teach the arts of peace, but of what service can they be when the din of battle stuns our ears, and monstrous engines of destruction are belching forth havoc and death on every side? My answer to such a query will be brief and pointed. It is a grievous error to think that the efficiency of such a College as Loyola is limited to times of public tranquility. It continues to render incalculable services to the country even after the war-trumpet has sounded, and dismal scenes of strife and carnage loom up before our view. Nor are those services to be regarded as a casual by-product, but as the natural result of College training. For the College training is so constituted as eminently to qualify a young man for the military career, and I will go so far as to say that there is not a single

department of its activity that does not contribute most effectively to this object. Some might be tempted to look on this last statement as being somewhat in the nature of a rhetorical flourish, not intended to be taken at its full face value. Such, however, is far from being the mind of the writer. It is his contention, strange as it may seem to some, that in the most ample and definite sense which the terms can bear, every department of College training and activity contributes most effectively for the formation of a good soldier, should the graduate, having finished his course, be called on to enter on a military career.

To begin with that particular department of College life which is certainly the lowest in dignity, and to all appearances the least related to a military formation, the athletic sports; it certainly has some very decided advantages. If it be true on the one hand, as no sound educator will deny, that to give undue prominence to such games and general physical training would simply be to divert the College from its proper purpose, and make of it a mere athletic club; yet on the other, to refuse the students a fair and reasonable allowance of both would simply be to ignore their very nature, to dull their energies, and to compromise in a manner the whole work of the College. Now this fair and reasonable amount of physical exercise found in such sports and games helps in no small measure to qualify the student for a future military career. In proof of this it should be sufficient to adduce the testimony of an eminent military authority, a man cast in too severe and stern a mould to value such sports simply for their own sake. I refer to the Iron Duke, as he was called, who did not hesitate to ascribe in great part his victory at Waterloo to the work done on the cricket fields at Eton. Who indeed can doubt that the strenuous contests of the College campus, and the physical resources they develop, the quick eye, the nimble limbs, the well-set frame, the sturdy back, the tense sinews and muscles are a very valuable asset to the man



called on to face the grim horrors of a modern battlefield, and to go through the countless manoeuvres and evolutions that its tactics demand. Place alongside of him a youth who has received a home training under the eye of a private tutor, and see the vast disparity between the two.

This service, however, considerable as it is, is the least of those advantages which the aspirant to military honors will reap from his College training. Another of a much higher order is the discipline or outward moral formation to which he has been attuned. It is needless to insist on the paramount necessity of discipline and organization for an army. Without this it degenerates simply into an armed mob and marches to slaughter rather than to victory. It is not to be wondered at that the old saying: "The regulars always beat the militia" has won for itself proverbial authority. Their superior discipline is of itself alone sufficient to account for the fact. Now in every College worthy of the name, for several reasons discipline is held in the highest honor, is regarded in fact by those charged with its administration as for the College a matter of life or death, since without it, it is impossible for the institution to conduct its work properly, or to reach its object. Serious study imperatively demands such discipline, neither teacher nor student can possibly dispense with it. Let listlessness, levity or irregularity profane this home of the Muses, application of mind and concentration become an impossibility, and ignorance not knowledge will reign within its walls. But it is not simply in the interest of study that discipline is so rigorously insisted upon, but also for a much higher object, at least in the eyes of all Catholic educators: the formation of character. Hence order and constancy in the distribution of time, nothing being left to the whim of the moment. Hence silence to form habits of thought and reflection. Hence submission and due subordination to proper authority. Hence also diligence and fidelity in the accomplishment of such tasks as may be imposed. Who does not see in all this the numberless opportunities afforded the student for engaging in that grandest of moral exercises, Self-conquest, the far-famed "Vince teipsum." It is with good reason

that the poet has written "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control—These three alone lead life to sovereign power." And were he to enter the walls of any well-conducted Catholic College he would have ample opportunities to see the practical verification of his doctrine. Here then is a second great feature of College life and activity which eminently qualifies the student for a military career should his country's needs call him to that field of action.

A third great department of effort and endeavor for a College is of course the training of mind, intellectual development, and here again its effectiveness as a preparation for military achievements later on, must become apparent to all. For after all, do not men as intelligent beings, battle much more with their brains than with their hands? Look at animals in conflict rending and tearing each other, giving simply an exhibition of sheer brute force. Barbarians will rise just a degree higher, using a certain measure of craft and cunning, but still their hostility, as a rule, takes the form of wild undisciplined valor. But pass now to highly civilized men and see the immense part which intelligence has to play. Even in ancient times, especially among the Greeks and the Romans we see the large part which intelligence had to play in their military achievements. It is remarkable that the inspired book of the Macabees, speaking of the latter, ascribe their conquests to their intelligence and patience rather than to mere bravery. The writer can remember well seeing some years ago an inscription in large characters on the walls of an Italian barracks, reminding the soldier that his best and most effective weapon was "Il coraggio calmo ed intelligente." Now if such intelligence be claimed from the man in the ranks what about the superior officers, the captains and the colonels? What about the commander-in-chief himself? Is it not above all things else a feat of intelligence, a work of brains? And is it not plain and patent to all that where this intelligence is wanting no amount of personal bravery can make up for its absence? A skilful enemy will know full well how to exploit this very bravery for his own purposes. Hence, to resume the thread of the argument, Colleges,



as professedly aiming at intellectual development, should receive high recognition in the military world.

Doubtless more than one votary of Mars will be ready with an objection obvious enough of its very nature. Were Colleges to frame their curriculum so as to deal mainly with scientific questions bearing on military matters, their services would certainly be incalculable, but they devote their attention to totally different branches of study, such as literature, philosophy, history, that have nothing to do with our special craft. The answer to this objection involves an appeal to a great fundamental principle of instruction only too frequently ignored in these days of unsound pedagogical methods. It is that the first great requisite for sound and successful specialization in any particular field whatever, is a thorough all-round intellectual formation, which may serve as a basis for the work of specialization, and a remote preparation for the object ultimately desired. To act otherwise is to narrow and cramp the mind, to limit exceedingly the range of its vision, to give a false bias to the judgment by rendering it incapable of viewing things except under a single aspect. Rather strive first to develop in a general manner the intellectual resources of the student, and to enrich his mind with a good supply of noble, beautiful thoughts, initiate him into the great art of application and concentration, exercise him in different fields of thought, teach him how to explore and to explain how to analyze and to combine. This done, let him specialize to his heart's content, be it as a physician, as an engineer, as a lawyer, as a banker, as a soldier and rest assured that this primary all-round formation will prove of incalculable service to him in the studies to follow and that ere long he will far outstrip his competitor of the short-cut who from the benches of the high school takes a sudden jump to some advanced University course.

An experienced engineer boldly declared that were there question of building a railroad, other things being equal, he would prefer a man well versed in Greek. Had he been questioned as to what possible relation there might be between the two, he doubtless would have replied in the sense of

this article that whatsoever tends to develop intellectual power, to enrich a man's fund of mentality, will make itself felt in whatever field of activity he may choose to enter. Such a reply will serve to explain the claim made on this score for our Colleges in connection with the war.

The supreme field of endeavor in a Catholic College such as Loyola, is the field of religion, for it consecrates in a manner the whole order of its activity and far from interfering in any way with the three other departments already mentioned, rather seconds and supports them and adds immensely to their efficiency. The College student, because of this religious training, will be all the better qualified to make an excellent soldier. From the days of Joshua to those of the Maccabees and from those of the Maccabees to those of the Crusaders and thence to the Knights of St. John and down to our own time we have numberless instances of what religion can do to make a truly accomplished warrior, a man of the type of Bayard, "*Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*" For the truly religious man every duty becomes a sacred duty, and viewing matters in this light he feels the sense of honor and loyalty grow daily stronger within his breast. Religion is a source of inspiration for noble sentiments and for high and generous endeavor. Religion is the fostering mother of virtues most essential to the soldier, such as patience in privation, reverence for authority, vigilance and diligence, heroic self-sacrifice, fortitude in braving the terrors of death. Religion is also the soldier's best protection against more subtle and insidious foes than hostile steel, for many a heart that escaped the missiles of the enemy was pierced by other shafts touched with unholy fire, which still left him perchance his life, but a life bereft of all that could make it worth the living, bereft of all beauty, honor and worth.

In these then and in many other ways will religion prove a most valuable resource for the soldier, and the Colleges which along with the other branches strive to promote it, are a most valuable acquisition for the state, no less in time of war than in time of peace.



If, in addition to the arguments adduced in proof of this our contention, further confirmation were sought in the shape of unanswerable deeds and facts, Loyola is ready to come forward with her bright roll of honor inscribed with the glowing eulogies pronounced upon her sons by superior officers who stood as witnesses of their

deeds. The grandest eulogy, however, that crowns their merits is not recorded in human speech but in the crimson streams with which they have dyed many a field while charging in the foremost ranks of their country's defenders.

WILLIAM POWER, S.J.



R. I. P.

### Solemn Requiem Mass

for the following Deceased Members of the Staff and Students of Loyola College was sung in the College Chapel on November 27th, 1917, at 8.30 o'clock:—

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan. 19, 1902	Rev. Benj. Hazelton, S.J.	Sept. 1, 1908
Rev. John Coffee, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1916	Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct. 4, 1913
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov. 16, 1911	Rev. George Kenny, S.J.	Sept. 26, 1912
Rev. Bernard Devlin, S.J.	June 4, 1915	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb. 19, 1901
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.	Mar. 3, 1907	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June 6, 1907
Rev. John Forhan, S.J.	Aug. 11, 1916	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May 21, 1904
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July 27, 1915	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	Mar. 29, 1898
Rev. Augustus Girard, S.J.	Jan. 20, 1916	Rev. Adrian Turgeon, S.J.	Sept. 8, 1912
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May 4, 1913	Mr. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan. 12, 1900
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, 1905	Bro. George Brown, S.J.	Dec. 7, 1901
	Mr. Cuthbert Udall, July 5, 1911		

Acton, William  
Armstrong, Lawrence  
Baxter, Quigg  
Blanchard, George  
Butler, Herbert  
Brady, Terence  
Brown, Henry  
Burke, John  
Cagney, Clarence  
Carriere, Charles  
Caveny, Martin  
Chevalier, Jacques  
Cloran, Edward  
Condon, Leo  
Daly, George  
Doran, Francis

Farrell, Edward  
Hooper, James  
Howe, John  
Kavanagh, Joseph  
Keyes, Michael  
Lafontaine, C. Paul  
Maguire, Francis  
Macdonald, Fraser  
Marson, Robert  
Marson, Walter  
Morgan, Henry  
McGee, Francis  
McGee, James  
McKenna, Adrian  
McGoldrick, John

McGovern, Arthur  
Monk, Henry  
Nagle, Gregory  
O'Brien, Richard  
Page, Severin  
Perodeau, Charles  
Poupore, Leo  
Rolland, Wilfrid  
Rousseau, Henry  
Ryan, Francis  
Shallow, Arthur  
Smith, Arthur  
Smith, Charles  
Tate, Louis  
Walsh, John

### The Requiem Mass next November

will be sung for Father Jones and the following O. L. Boys who have since died:—

Lawrence Barbeau, Arthur Dissette, Francis Dissette, J. de Beaujeu Domville, James Grant, Stanton Hudson, Melvin Johnson, Leo Le Boutillier, Donald McArthur, Francis McNamee, Francis McKenna, Guy Palardy, Chisholm Pearson, Edward Plunkett, John Shallow, Leo Shortall, Henri de Varennes, Maurice Vidal, John Wilkins.





CAPT. THE HON. CHARLES GAVAN POWER, M.C.; M.P.  
Old Loyola (1898-1907), B.A. '07.

*Capt. Power—or "Chubby" Power as we knew him during his ten years at Loyola—after distinguished service at the front was elected last December M.P. for Quebec South—Loyola's first Parliamentarian.*



## The Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J.

Readers of "Loyola College Review" will regret to learn of the passing away of a former Rector of Loyola College, the Rev. Arthur Edward Jones, S.J., whose death occurred at Montreal, January 19th, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, sixty of which he had spent in the Society of Jesus. Father Jones, whose family was of United Empire Loyalist stock, was born at Brockville, Ontario, November 17th, 1838. He made his classical studies at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and entered the Jesuit Order in France in 1857. After his course of philosophy he taught humanities and rhetoric with brilliant success for several years in New York and Fordham. He made his theological studies at Woodstock, Maryland, where he had as professor the celebrated Father (later Cardinal) Mazella. He was raised to the priesthood in 1873, and, during the following ten years he exercised an active public ministry in New York, Guelph, and Montreal. For eight years he was Editor of the Canadian Messenger and for three years Rector of Loyola College. He was also the first chaplain of the Catholic Sailors' Club, founded in 1893, an institution which has done so much good among the thousands of Catholic sailors who make their yearly visits to the port of Montreal.

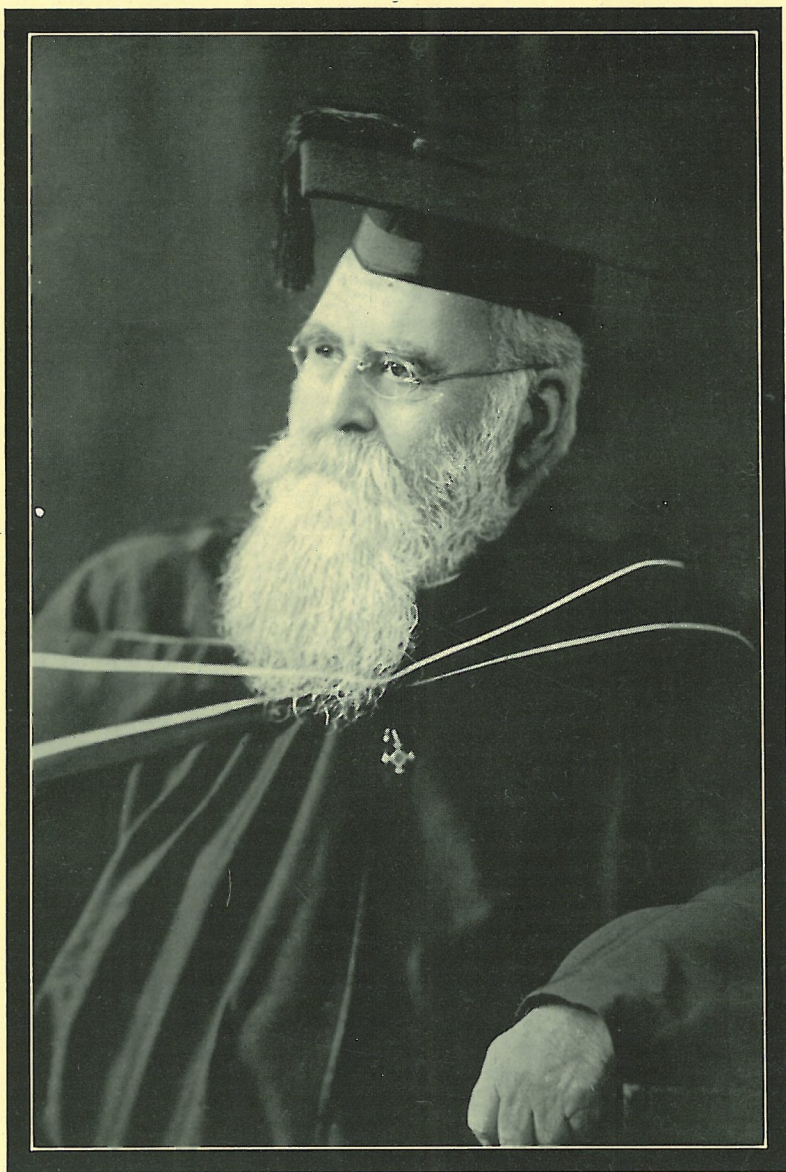
As early as 1885 Father Jones began to develop a taste for the study of the early mission history of Canada, the study which was to occupy the rest of his life. Soon he became a recognised authority, perhaps the greatest in America, on the Canadian missions between 1611 and 1800. Out of his documentary treasures he furnished material for a number of volumes of the splendid edition of the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," contributing thereto, according to their Editor, R. G. Thwaites, "invaluable suggestions and data almost without number."

Father Jones made an exhaustive personal search in Simcoe County, Ont., in 1902, to discover the scene of the martyrdom of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant. The learned treatise of 500 pp., "Old Huronia," which he wrote on the ancient Huron Country, was the occasion of his receiving the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Toronto. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in St. Louis, Mo., in 1904, he won the Grand Prize for his Historical and Archeological Exhibit, with a gold medal for himself as archivist. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. He was a Member of the International Congress of Americanists and addressed that learned body on Huron topography, in Quebec, in 1906. He was a Corresponding Member of the various Historical Societies of North America.

This learned old Jesuit was remarkable for his humility, his simplicity of manner and his kindness of heart, as many old Loyola boys will recall. He has left behind him to mourn his loss many friends of long standing among all classes. Although he had a long active life he worked on assiduously till its close. No one appeared to feel more vividly than he how quickly the years were passing, and when he saw that the end was near he laid down his pen to prepare himself for his proximate passage into eternity. Pathetic detail! the date which marked the sixtieth anniversary of his entry into his Order was the last on which he was able to say Mass. After lingering a few days longer, Father Jones gave up his soul to God. He went to meet those heroic old missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whom he loved so well and whose lives have, through his efforts, become familiar to thousands of Canadian readers.—R. I. P.

E. J. D.





THE LATE REV. ARTHUR E. JONES, S.J., F.R.S.C., LL.D.  
Former Rector of Loyola College



## Sodality B.V.M.

The first meeting of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the year 1917-18 was held in the Sodality Chapel on the morning of October 6th, 1917. Rev. Father J. Milway Fillion, S.J., the new Moderator, made several important changes in the functions and programme for this year. The first of these changes was, that the weekly meeting should be held on Saturday morning at 8.30 o'clock, instead of Sunday evening as last year, to facilitate the regular attendance of Day-Scholars. The second change was to abolish the social entertainments generally held after the spiritual exercises. Father Moderator, in explanation of this action, said that, in his opinion, true Sodalists needed no enticements to bring them regularly to the meetings.

An election of officers for the year then followed. Candidates were nominated, and a ballot was taken, the result being as follows:

Prefect, Wilfred Noonan; 1st Assistant, Frederick Hudon; 2nd Assistant, Roy Dillon; 1st Councillor, Robert E. Anglin; 2nd Councillor, Henry Smeaton; Sacristan, Antoine Wendling; Secretary, Paul Wickham.

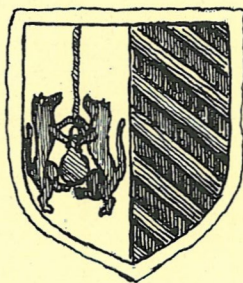
A few weeks later a Junior Branch was formed, under the same Moderator, and on exactly the same lines as the Senior Branch, holding its meetings, however, on Wednesdays at the same hour.

The officers are as follows:—

Prefect, Edmund Brannen; 1st Assistant, Alexander McGovern; 2nd Assistant, Edmund McCaffrey; 1st Councillor, Cuthbert Scott; 2nd Councillor, Daniel Taugher; Sacristan, John McDougal; Secretary, Brian Hammond.

Throughout the year Fr. Moderator has given the Sodalists a most instructive series of lectures outlining the characteristics of the true Sodalist. Of the meetings held during the year, the following may be considered the most important: November 15th, the Feast of St. Stanislaus Kotska; December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which occasion the reception of Senior Candidates took place, and Rev. Father Power, S.J., spoke in glowing terms on the "Necessity of True Devotion"; February 2nd, the Feast of the Purification, when the Junior Candidates were received into the Sodality and Rev. Father Reid, of St. Patrick's Orphanage, spoke eloquently on the "Devotion that all should practise towards our Heavenly Mother"; April 8th, the Solemnity of the Feast of the Annunciation, when all those candidates were received who had been absent at previous receptions.

PAUL WICKHAM.







Old Loyola Boys awarded Military Cross during past year.

CAPTAIN HARRY O'LEARY,  
Old Loyola, 1909.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK O'LEARY,  
Old Loyola, 1897.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN,  
Old Loyola, 1910.

LIEUT. J. DE GASPE AUDETTE,  
Old Loyola, 1911.



## Was Newman Successful?

*"It is the rule of Providence that we should succeed by failure" (Newman—Letter to Lord Brayne, 1882)*

It is a strange fact that nearly every work to which Newman put his hand ended in failure. Whether, as one of his biographers suggests, this was due to qualities in his own temperament, of which he was unconscious, or whether, as is more likely, the prejudice and suspicion of his co-religionists and external circumstances were to blame, certain it is that all his undertakings,—the "Apologia" alone excepted—were unsuccessful.

As a young tutor at Oriel he had attempted to support the High Church party against the Liberal School, but his zeal created misunderstandings between the Provost and himself and led to his being deprived of his tutorship. Later, as the recognized leader of the Tractarian Movement, he strove to protect the Anglican Church from the onslaughts of atheism, but his "Romanizing" views roused the suspicions of the Oxford authorities. The publication of tract 90, in 1841, forced him to leave, at the time the University, and later the very Church he had wished so faithfully to serve.

As a priest Newman came to the defence of his fellow-Catholics in 1850 when the "No-Popery" feeling, caused by the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, was at its height throughout England. In a series of discourses known as the Corn Exchange Lectures, he dwelt on the position of Catholics in England, incidentally attacking a certain Dr. Achilli, who had heralded himself before the public as a prisoner escaped from the Roman Inquisition. The result was a suit for libel, and though the evidence was all on Newman's side, the prejudice of judge, jury and people turned the verdict in favour of Achilli. Newman's first appearance as champion of the Catholic cause brought down failure and enormous costs of litigation upon his shoulders.

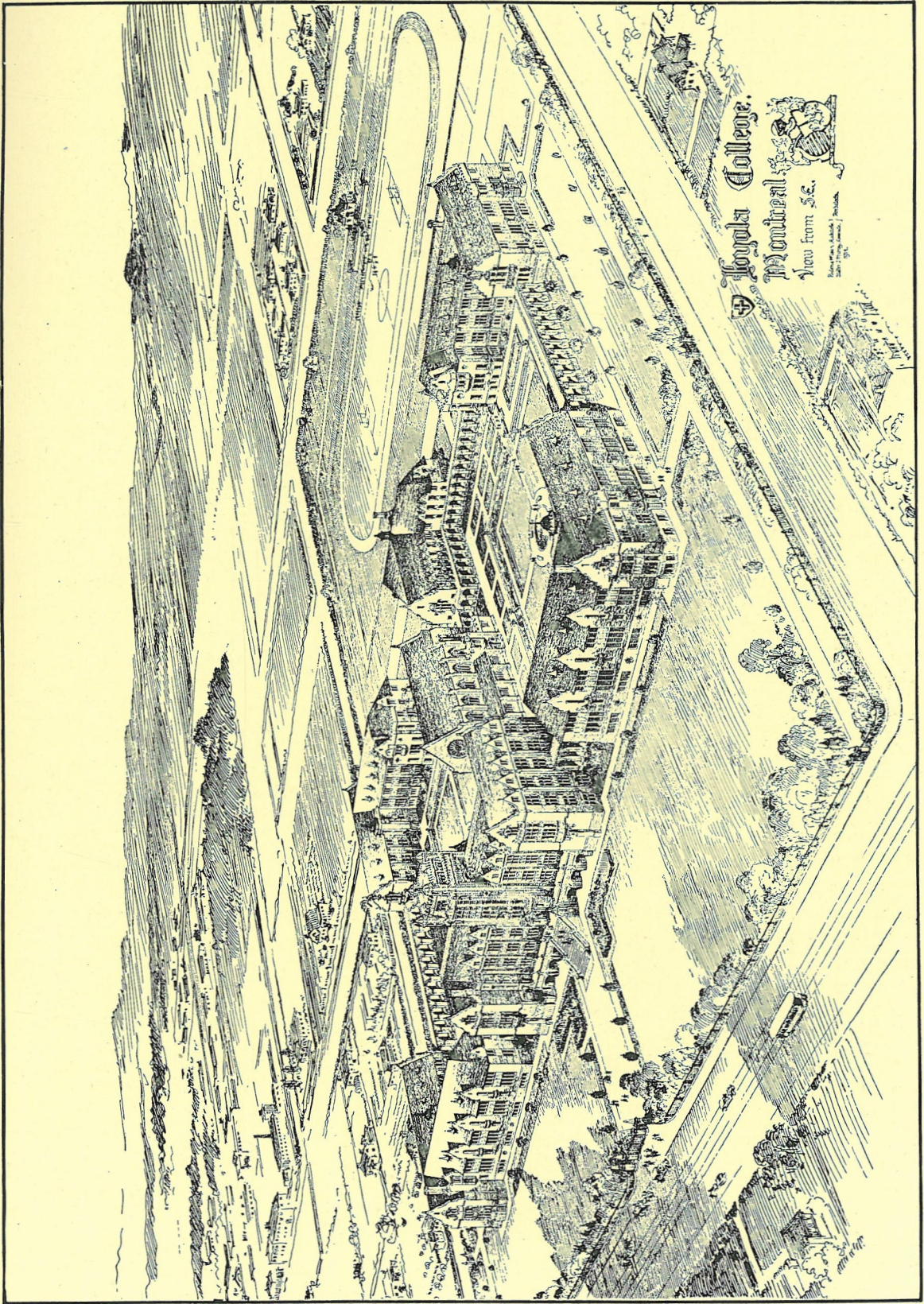
During the trial he had been asked by Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, to found and govern as its first Rector, a Catholic University in Ireland. Newman undertook the task, but was balked and thwarted at every

step by the very man who had solicited his help. Two long years were wasted in endeavouring to overcome the distrust of the Irish clergy and laity. Then in 1853 came the report that Newman was to be made Bishop. Congratulations began to pour in from all sides. His bishopric would put him on an equal footing with the members of the Irish synod, and do away with any interference on their part in his management of the University. But though the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, and all the clergy of England and Ireland seemed to approve of this step, nothing ever materialized. "That elevation" to use Newman's own words, "which was so publicly announced, was suddenly and silently reversed." Nor did Newman ever discover the real reason of such a quick change of front. Hemmed in as he was by the restrictions of Dr. Cullen and treated no longer as a possible candidate for the mitre, Newman realized that his office of Rector was merely nominal, and in 1857 resigned. His hopes for another Oxford, the intellectual centre for English and Irish Catholics had not been fulfilled.

No sooner was his connection with the Irish University broken, than he was called upon by Wiseman to undertake an English version of the Scriptures. The honour of being chosen for such a task was a signal one, but after a waste of much time and money, the matter was allowed by the hierarchy to fall to the ground. Newman felt that if he continued with the work "It would be made as great a hash of as the Irish University had been hashed." The seeming indifference of the Cardinal and the Episcopate had cut him to the quick.

But the greatest perhaps of all his disappointments came a few years later. In March 1859, he had accepted the editorship of the "Rambler," a Catholic journal hitherto conducted by laymen of rather liberal views. On account of its intellectualism, the paper had been considered by the English bishops as inclining towards heresy. There is no doubt that the editors—Sir John





Loyola College.

Montreal.

View from S.E.

J. G. G. 1876.



Acton and Richard Simpson—were at times rash in their statements, especially when they attempted to dabble in theology, but they were perhaps forced to their extreme attitude by the stringent policy of the Vatican and the fanatical outbursts of such men as Veuillot in France and Ward in England. Newman who foresaw the amount of possible good the "Rambler" could accomplish if properly handled, undertook its editorship. He hoped to moderate its tone without lessening its influence as an intellectual review for Catholics. But he soon found his position untenable. The excesses of Acton and Simpson were laid at Newman's door, and though personally he did not sympathize with them in all their views, he was regarded by others as their leader and adviser. He was forced after only one issue to resign office.

His connection with the "Rambler," short as it was, had given him a doubtful name with the clergy, and to his over-sensitive nature the suspicion of his fellow-Catholics, and in particular of the hierarchy, was a most bitter trial. His correspondence about this time shows the sadness that depressed him. In a letter written in 1862 to his friend, Father Ambrose St. John, we find the following passage referring to a statement Newman himself had made at the Achilli trial ten years previous:—

"I then said that as I was 20 I was cut off from the rising talent of the University by my failure in the schools, as when 30, I was cut off from distinction in the governing body by being deprived of my tutorship, as, when 40, I was virtually cast out of the Church of England by the affair of No. 90; as, when 50, I was cast out of what may be called society by the disgrace of the Achilli sentence, so when I should arrive at 60 years, I should be cast out of the good books of Catholics and especially ecclesiastical authorities. This appals me in this way:—viz., what is to happen if I live to be seventy?"

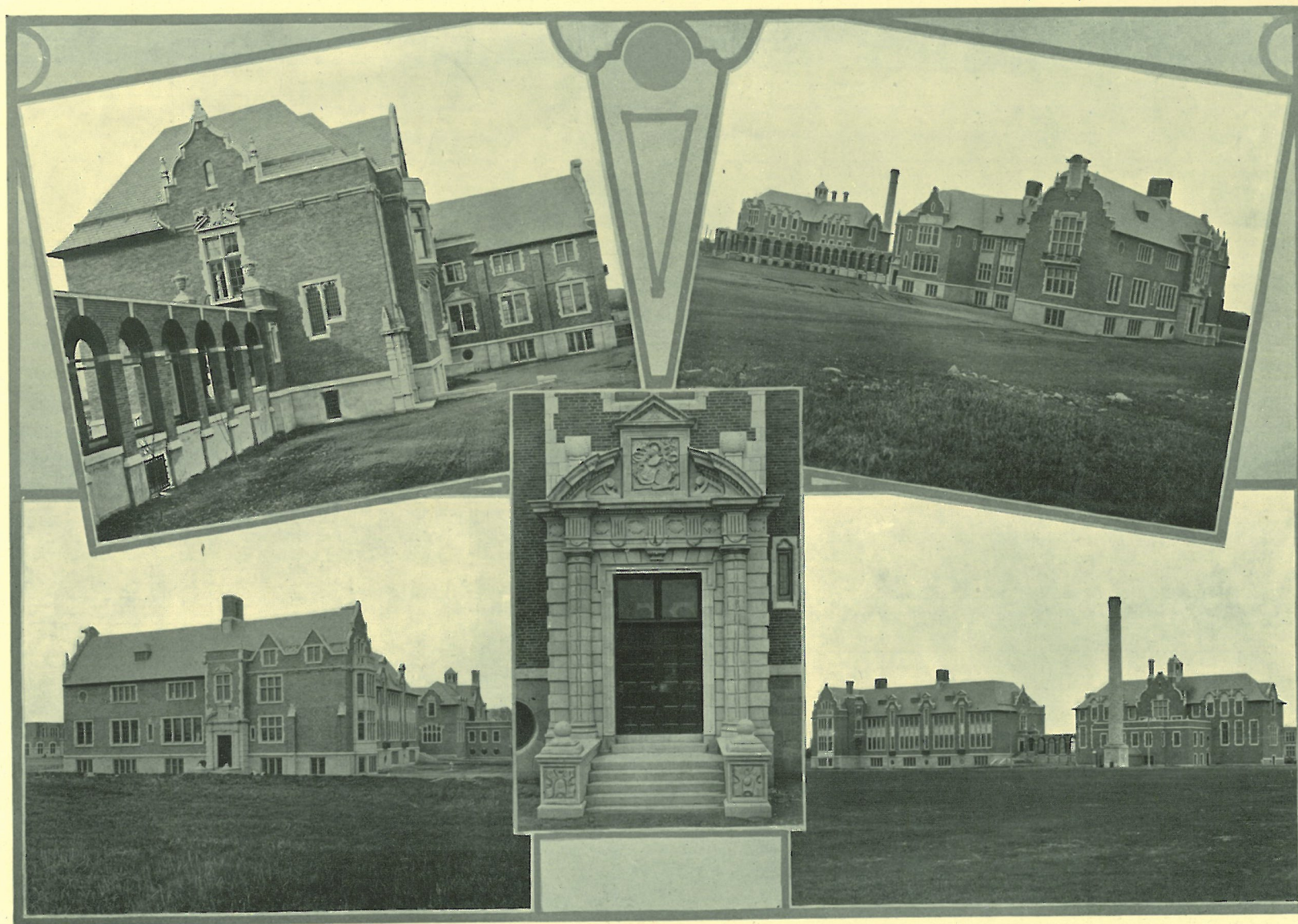
What happened to Newman before he eventually reached that age, may be told in a few words. Seeing that after his failure in Ireland, the founding of a Catholic University was out of the question, he thought to establish at Oxford a mission that would protect the faith of the Catholic students at

the University from the spirit of scepticism and infidelity prevailing there. The usual trouble and opposition had to be encountered, but at last in 1867 everything was ready for the scheme: land had been bought, money subscribed, permission for Newman to go to Oxford had come—so Newman was told—from Rome. "Earlier failures do not matter now," was his comment, "I see that I have been reserved by God for this." But chilling in its unexpected suddenness came the word from Newman's bishop forbidding him to leave for Oxford. The dream of months was rudely shattered. Newman bowed his head under the weight of his sorrow and said nothing. But his friends were indignant. They insisted on an appeal to Rome. This was made, but in vain. There was no objection, said the Roman authorities, to a mission at Oxford, so long as Newman himself did not reside there. Yet it had been on this very condition that Newman's friends had subscribed to the Oxford scheme, and he was placed in the awkward position of having gained money under false pretences. He therefore wrote to his bishop asking permission to withdraw from his engagement of undertaking the Mission. It was a painful but imperative way out of the difficulty.

Thus far in his life, Newman had failed. The "Apologia" gained him for a time praise and the plaudits of the whole Catholic world, but subsequent events, such as the Oxford question, turned public opinion once more against him. His books were not read, his sermons were scarce listened to, the halo of romance that had surrounded him when first he came into the Church, had long since faded, and he was left alone and forgotten by the world.

Then at length came the long looked for success. In 1879, when 78 years old, he received the Cardinal's hat from Leo XIII. The rest of his life passed like a happy dream. The cloud of suspicion which had hung over him for so long was now lifted; his theological views, always considered as slightly unorthodox, were vindicated; his loyalty to the Holy See rewarded. He himself was to be treated no longer as an eccentric convert, but as a prince of the Church. The world, intellectual and social,





VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE.



woke up to the fact that he was a man worth honouring, and gave him the recognition that had long been his due.

And yet we prefer to read about the days of his trials and reverses. There is something grandly pathetic, not so much in the collapse of all his undertakings, as in the spirit with which he endured defeat. Snubbed and misunderstood by those for whom he was toiling, heavy at heart and weary of soul he drudged faithfully on with his work. Though his sensitive nature exaggerated the humiliation of failure into a disgrace, he

never struck aside from the path of duty, even when he knew that success was not to be his.

After his elevation to the Cardinalate, he became the recognized leader and teacher of his people, the great writer, the profound thinker, the learned theologian, the saintly prelate, but in those dark days of obscurity and neglect we find him only the poor priest to be pitied for the failure of his undertakings, and loved for the undertaking of new failures.

L. C. '17.



## Ireland, 1918

\* \*

Misjudge her not, good friend, nor scoff, nor chide;  
 'Tis not a stranger's part, but past his wit,  
 To read what in a nation's heart is writ,  
 Or feel the hidden griefs her soul divide:  
 Thou hast not lived her life nor known her pride.  
 Dost thou not worship too, at Freedom's shrine,  
 And kneel to her as to a thing divine?  
 So Erin oft for freedom's light has sighed.

Angels may not the deeps of conscience sound  
 To scan therein the will that moves the hand;  
 In every land the sparks must needs abound  
 When Freedom's fire unto a flame is fanned;  
 She loves not more the Teuton creed than we,  
 Her sin is Celtic love of liberty.

D. M.



## Music

"Music is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that."—*Carlyle*.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And wondering, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound.  
Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

—*Dryden*.

Music, the Ideal, has long disappeared and with it has vanished the simple, pleasing expression of the passions of Love, Joy and Sorrow. In its place, Music, the Practical, stands triumphant. Technical achievements and mathematical relation of the notes are now, among students of music, of first consideration.

Ruskin, who has understood music both Ideal and Practical has defined his conception of it in these words: "The movement of sound so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue," and the great purpose of music "is to say a thing that you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way."

On hearing a masterpiece by some famous composer, even the less enlightened know, as if by instinct, that music has a great command over their natures. What heart of stone, what coldly calculating mind remains unmoved by a grand chord of music struck from the organ by a master-hand? What mark of affectation can hide the soul's emotion, when through the shadowy corners of a great cathedral the solemn notes are hurled, like thunder, up to the very dome? We feel that music touches the very roots of our hearts, it inflames our passions and rouses them to the highest pitch of frenzy or lowers them to the deepest vale of melancholy; again, it crushes our spirits and makes us feel sorrowful and sad; it fires our imagination, and visions of soldiers and battles, the wounded, dead and dying pass before our mind's eye; or, perhaps it is gladness, rejoicing, excitement, anger, rage and turmoil that is aroused within our breast, as the passionate notes echo in our ears.

How well has Dryden expressed these varied emotions in his Ode on Alexander's Feast:

"Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again;  
And thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain.  
The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse,  
He sung Darius, great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood,  
Deserted at his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his altered soul,  
The various turn of chance below;  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow."

Music, then, is the language of the heart, of the passions, of the soul. Its power extends not only over humans, but is felt even by the wild beasts.

"Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious to the lyre."

Handed down the centuries, through tradition, are tales and deeds of wonder accomplished by the mild sweet tunes of the three stringed harp. In Holy Writ it is recorded that David was wont to soothe the ungovernable fury of King Saul by the measured beat of his psalms sung to the sweet accompaniment of the harp. The bards of the middle ages sang their war-hymns and fired their listeners with the strength and feeling of their own passions; the Marseillaise hurried on the harpies of the Revolution to their bloody excesses, and all Paris echoed the songs of the Opera, even in the midst of the Reign of Terror.

To-day as then, music wraps us in joy or sorrow, in rage or in melancholy, its harmony carries us body and soul to the very bliss of the seventh heaven. We feel new passions



kindled in our breasts, new thoughts rushing into our minds, new ideals taking possession of our hearts. And yet these passions, thoughts and ideals, so new to us, have been experienced by thousands of others throughout the ages; for, though music, as far as mere technicalities or individual melodies are concerned, may change as the centuries go by, yet in substance and effect it is always the same. Greece had her heroic epics, Rome her martial songs; the Troubadours of Europe sang of love and chivalry; in more recent times the Sacred melodies of

Mozart and Beethoven have charmed the world. Each nation and each century has left its own characteristic stamp on the Muse's handiwork, but the power of music over the passions of men is as unchangeable as ever. So will it continue to the end, then—

"When the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And music shall untune the sky."

HORATIO TABB, '21.

## Father O'Flynn

At the request of one of our readers, a fine old Irish priest, we reproduce herewith "Father O'Flynn," by A. P. Graves; also a Latin version which we think he will appreciate, written by Rev. M. Kenny, S.J.

### FATHER O'FLYNN

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;  
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,  
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

#### Chorus

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn  
Slainté, and slainté and slainté agin;  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and  
Fellows of Trinity  
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity  
Faix! and the devils and all at Divinity  
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all;  
Come, I venture to give you my word,  
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from mythology  
Into thayology  
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid  
you,  
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!  
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control  
Checking the crazy ones  
Coaxin' onaisy ones  
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid a stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity  
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
At comicality, Father, wid you?  
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest;  
"Is it lave gaiety  
All to the laity?  
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

### PATER O'FLYNN

Adest sacerdotum miranda varietas  
Quorum refulgent doctrina et pietas,  
Tamen hoc dicam-absit improprietas!  
Pater O'Flynn Clericorum est rex!

#### Chorus

Hinc multos ad annos, mi Pater O'Flynn  
Sis semper salute amplissimus in,  
Hortator fortissime, doctor dulcissime  
Rerum carissime in Donegal.

Doctores mirificos jactitat Trinitas  
Quos semper celebrant, Graeca, Latinitas,  
O! ec diaboli ipsa divinitas!—  
Omnes tu superas, pater, cum vis.  
Nam logica Flynnica firmiter stat.  
Et semper, mehercle! victoriam dat:  
Tum theologicam, tum mythologicam,  
Conchologicam quidem, si provocet quis.

Pater O'Flynn, pastor incomparabilis!  
Parvulis omnibus es delectabilis,  
Feminis vetulis vere mirabilis,  
Quis tam amabilis hominum, dic?  
Et quamvis tam mite cor tuum et lex  
Gregem tu regis potenter ut rex,  
Placens errantibus, favens vagantibus  
Suadens cunctantibus baculo (sic)!

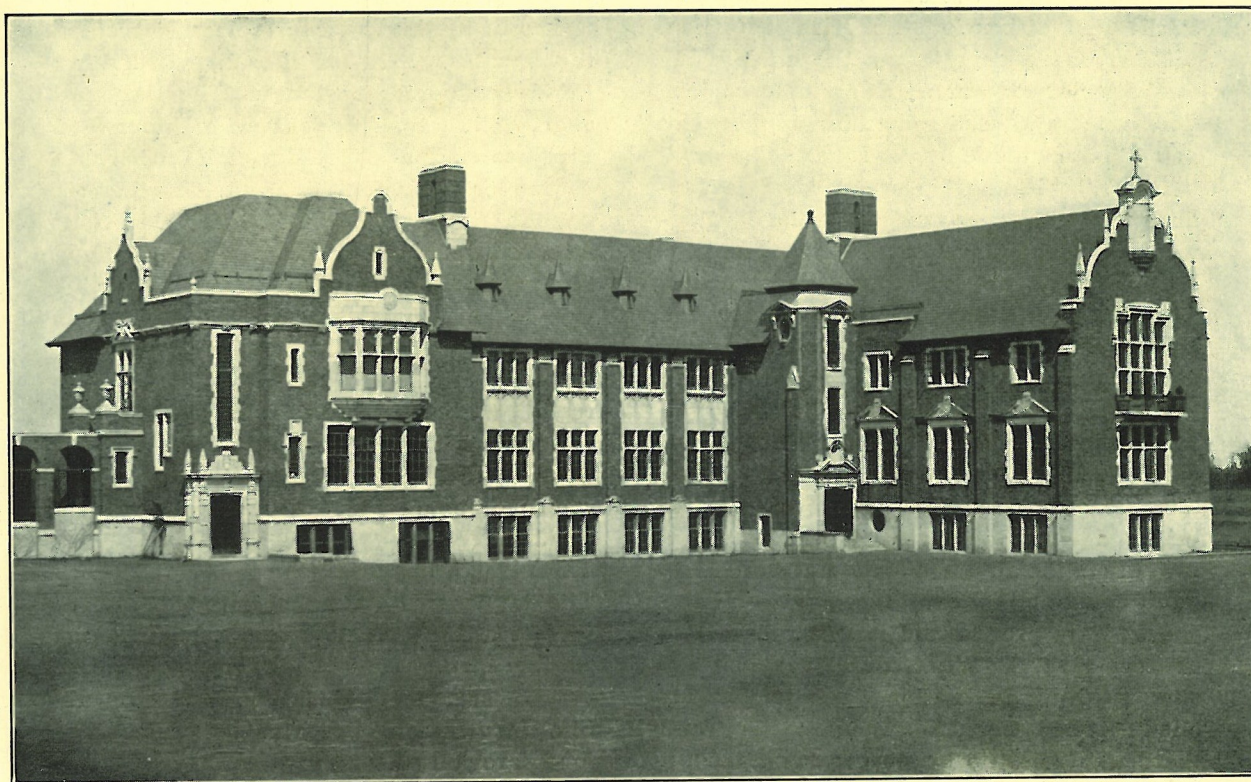
Dum omnis stultitia abs te abhorreat  
Tamen quocumque jocositas floreat  
Ubi est vir qui aequalis appareat,  
Solutus si animus Flynnicus sit?  
Cum joco episcopum laeseris, mox  
Et illum collaeticavit haec vox:  
"Num datur hilaritas, laica raritas?  
An clericus minus Hibernicus fit?"

M. KENNY, S.J.





REFECTORY BUILDING



JUNIORS' BUILDING



## Buying That Automobile

I was always a man of moderate means but unlike the average man in similar circumstances I was prudent and had put away about six hundred dollars for a rainy day. Then came the deluge in the form of gasoline, and my hard-earned savings, without a struggle, gave up the ghost. But let me start at the beginning. It began thus: Our next-door neighbours the Jones' one day went crazy and bought a car. Evidently the disease was contagious, and my wife, whose constitution could not withstand the germ, began to acquire a passion for motor-cars and Fords. At first I did not take her seriously, and pointed out to her that a car was as useful to us as a cake of soap in a Coal-heaver's Union. In fact, I thought this latest craze would pass over like the former episodes of incubators, china, antiques, etc., which for varied periods of time were all she lived for. But I was mistaken, her sickness became decidedly worse, and every night our living room grew hotter than the Imperial Parliament discussing the Irish Question.

Then one evening came the crisis. My for-better-or-for-worse half amidst a copious flow of tears uttered something about "Not going to be outdone by the Jones. "Brute," "Trunk," "Mother" were words an eaves-dropper might have overheard in the development of arguments common to women.

So now, do not blame me, dear reader, when I confess that I promised to buy the car,—after all I was only a mere man, and better men than I have been beaten by women's clear reasoning. Thus, as you may have surmised, I promised to investigate and buy a car on the morrow. Then, like the sunshine after the storm, all was bright again; but every storm leaves a rawness in the air and a feeling of dampness, and I could not help muttering that Webster should have pronounced it either Whim-en or Woe-man. "What, dear?" asked my wife. "Nothing—nothing," I quickly replied—it had been a famous victory and there was going to be no counter-attack.

The next morning going down to work I met Jones in the street car and the fact that

Capital Punishment is still in vogue in our province kept me from making a scene. So returning his bland "Good-morning," I sat down and glared at him till I reached my destination. That afternoon I paid a visit to the Underwood Motor Car and Truck Co., Ltd. As the door closed behind me four salesmen rushed forth and gathered around me as if I was a long lost brother, or the Tower of Babel, while they raved in a tongue foreign to me about wheel-bases, transmissions, differentials, boxes, carburetors, etc. At last my superiority in lung power asserted itself, and I was shown to the manager, whilst the salesmen lined up in their former places, ready to spring forth on their next victim.

Entering the office, like a sheep being led to slaughter, I was surprised to find the manager a very affable gentleman, but still I was prejudiced, and when he told me to hang up my coat and hat on the rack I declined with thanks; possession is nine-tenths of the law. Nevertheless I accepted the bandless cigar he offered me, and we sat down to talk business. The long and short of it was, I bought an "Underwood Six" (sometimes called Seven, if the seventh passenger was very thin, and the other six not too stout). After I had paid him four hundred dollars in advance, and had given him my name and address, he asked me if I was to be found in Bradstreet—This only confirmed my idea that all auto people were mentally unbalanced; so without deigning to reply I went out to have a look at the land U-boat, that sinks your bank account without warning or mercy. That evening I returned home, but not—not with my six hundred.

The following afternoon was Saturday—The day when I was to be initiated into the secrets of the horseless cart. After having set my papers and books in order, and making sure that the last premium on my Life Insurance Policy was paid, I took a fond farewell of my wife (we haven't been married very long) and with jaws set I proceeded towards the Auto Company.



Here I met one of the salesmen. He was most agreeable and even invited me to jump into my own car, which was standing in the street, shining like a new quarter. The only thing I didn't like about the chariot was the suggestive coffin-shaped radiator. The two of us got in, the salesman driving, till we came to a road suitable for me to take the wheel. As I watched him manipulating the gears, the salesman prattled on like a babbling brook, an art so well mastered by his tribe. "Good little engine you've got, sir, you'd hardly believe she'd touch sixty." "O yes I would," I replied, "and I'm no St. Thomas—I'll take your word for it." Then—"Why, would you believe, sir, that this li'l ol' buss 'ill start on high without a jump." But what worried me is where we'd end, even the best of Christians don't always land on high; and I remembered that I far from loved my neighbour as myself.

As he was thus charming me with his delightful conversation, we had already arrived at the outskirts of the town, and a large stretch of country road lay before us.

"Here!" said our driver, "you take the wheel now." "Oh, I'm in no hurry," I laughed nervously. "You drive a bit more, you drive so smooth." But the salesman insisted, so I had to take his place. In my first two attempts I stalled the engine each time, but a man can fail twice and succeed the third time and this I determined to do. Giving her all the gas I could I let up the clutch with a jerk. Shades of Caesar! The car stood quivering a second, then leapt its cable's length. I could hear the salesman's teeth rattling, as the car left the ground, and his knees crack the cowl board, as we hit Mother Earth again with a bounce. With an apologetic laugh I turned towards my neighbour, but somehow he didn't seem a bit friendly, so I turned my attention back to the problem of shifting gears. The change from second to third was more refined, except for a noise rasping enough to wake the dead.

Being now safe in third I heaved a sigh of relief and turned once more to my companion to tempt him to talk. "I understood you to say, did I not, that one could start in high gear, without going through the formalities of the others?" "Perhaps," I

added smiling, "it would be safer for me to start always on high."

"You'd be safer starting in neutral," he growled back.

I was about to rebuke him for this, but a child was crossing the road about three hundred yards ahead, so I had to concentrate all my attention on the car.

Having avoided this imminent casualty, we came to the top of a hill, and like a skilled chauffeur I threw out my clutch, and for the first time, under my guidance, the car ran smoothly down the hill. But as we descended our momentum increased alarmingly and I was at a loss to know what to do. Our speed began to grow dizzy, and so did I. Then suddenly, sweet as the voices of little angels, I heard the salesman, who had lost his stern decorum, howling in my ear "Shove down your other foot—Nut"!!

Now you and I with our present knowledge of autology, know that he meant the foot brake. But alas! I was only a novice at the time, and in that wild exhilarating moment my foot ground the accelerator and the engine promptly howled and roared as if I had twisted its tail. I was frankly startled and grieved at its actions for I had meant it no harm.

Then once again I heard the salesman's voice, this time far different from that of little angels. I can still picture him gesticulating wildly, and twisting on his seat and almost foaming at the mouth while he whispered very gently in my ear "Leave up your foot, dear." You will remember, dear reader, that the salesman did not specify which foot to leave up. In my ignorance I let up the clutch.

I remember seeing dancing landscape, I remember flashing trees, I remember leaving go of everything—Then I remember no more.

It is said by some that in moments of great distress, prayer, or sorrow, our feelings can attain almost supernatural heights. I believe it. For in that short space of time I realized just how Phaeton felt when the horses bolted and his chariot ran amuck through the skies. When I awoke I was lying on my back looking up at the calm azure void, where I could see countless stars. Somewhere near, birds were chirp-



ing, and the air seemed filled with fragrance from the unseen censer of wild flowers. Yes, surely I was in the Elysian Fields of which the ancients sang. Somewhere below me I could hear strange and weird sounds—That, I thought, must be the manes of Achilles waging war with the wild beasts.

I'll admit it was a rude shock to my faith, which had expected a different afterworld to this, but after all, thought I, the best of us can make mistakes. While thus musing on the droll uncertainty of the next world, my pleasant dreams were suddenly shattered by hearing the voice I knew so well of my friend the salesman telling me "to come down and fight like a man" and giving vent to doubtful compliments relating to my brain, individuality, personality, and in fact the whole of me physically and morally.

It was here that I gained complete control of my wits and found that there was a much more practical reason for the stars I saw and the weird noises I heard.

I was lying on the top of a hay stack and by craning my neck with pain and difficulty, I peered over the side. There was my old friend, fuming and bloodthirsty, looking as though he had come out of a week's fighting in a "Tank."

Although I was the object of his rather strong abuse, I could not but admire his extensive vocabulary. I honestly believe he did not use the same noun twice,—his adjectives were not so varied; and there also, to be sure, was the Underwood no less indignant than the salesman. How it got its nose buried deep in the hay stack I

know not; at any rate, it was very moved now, for it shook and quivered spasmodically, till with one convulsive heave it passed out of its pain and lay still. In the twinkling of an eye I took in this sad scene of outraged justice and cruel death. I smiled wearily at the salesman and shook my head. I was in no mood for fighting. And for the second time that day, time was not, as far as I was concerned.

Two weeks later I was in a state of happy convalescence. From my chair next the window, I gazed out at the beautiful picture of the close of a wonderful spring day. The sun was gradually sinking,—a fiery crimson ball. The air was balmy and laden with the glad message of young flowers. The thick foliage of the trees reflected the golden sunset. Somewhere in the sky a lark was singing, I could hear the musical laughter of happy children. With a sigh, my thoughts went back to the day when I was carried home to my wife, a weary and crippled wreck, and my heart leapt to remember how bitterly she wept on hearing the tidings. My heart filled and my eyes grew dim as I turned towards her tenderly and with a husky voice said: "Agnes (her name is Agnes) Agnes! You—you were put out that day of the accident, weren't you?" I waited trembling with emotion. "Yes, John (my name is John), yes, John, and to think that it was a brand new car."

ANTHONY VANIER,

*Second Grammar.*

#### TO MY MOTHER

Who is it that I think of, when the tempest rushes round,  
When Mighty Thor his thunder rolls with deep  
intensive sound,  
When the lightning flashes o'er me and the storm  
wind howls his song  
O'er my little hunter's cabin through some sleepless  
night and long?

Who is it that I fight for when the bloody god of war  
Looses baying, straining hell-hounds, flanks and  
chest deep splashed with gore,  
When the bullets sing around me, and the shells  
in chorus burst,  
And the groans of wounded comrades fill my soul  
with murd'rous thirst?

Who is it that I long for, when in calm and peace I lie,  
Gazing 'tween the leafy branches at the azure  
autumn sky;  
While the drowsy hum of nature lulls to rest my  
weary brain,  
Frees my mind from dire forebodings and from  
memory's bitter pain?

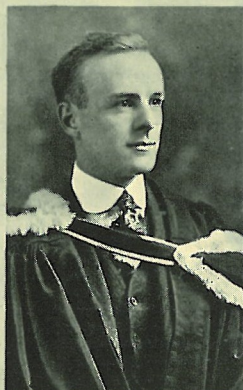
Who is it that in time of war, in peaceful days or  
stress  
I remember with her gentle eyes, her smile and soft  
caress?  
'Tis the Mother of my childhood, she who crooned  
my cradle song,  
Heaven grant that I may thank her; she has suffered  
for me long.

WILFRID SCOTT, *Third Grammar.*





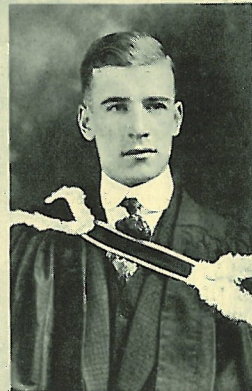
JAS. J. RYAN.



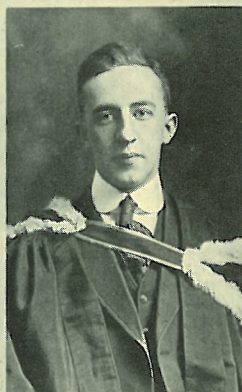
J. A. DIXON.



W. R. DILLON.



F. HUDON.



T. G. WALSH.



R. BERNARD.



G. DE LISLE.



L. CLÉMENT.

GRADUATING CLASS  
LOYOLA COLLEGE.  
1918.

LOYOLA GRADUATES, 1918.

**BERNARD, RODOLPHE.**—Winner of the Lieutenant-Governor's Medal. A quiet and capable student, and an active athlete in many branches of sport. Has joined the wireless, where his cool head and steady nerves will stand him in good stead. We hope that in his new career he will meet with the success he deserves.

**CLEMENT, LOUIS.**—A popular, earnest and optimistic young man. Good natured to a fault. These happy qualities will carry Louis successfully through life. In the small college world his record is such that all will miss him.

**DELISLE, GASTON.**—Future "Ace" of the R.F.C. Prominent in College activities. President of L.C.A.A.A. and of Debating Society. Chief hobby is politics. We expect to see him take a seat in the House of Commons—or the Senate—"after the war." All liked Gaston, and all expect much of him in the future.

**DILLON, WENTWORTH ROY.**—Winner of the Davis Medal for highest marks in Mathematics during College course. Valedictorian of his class. Quite an orator and a logically incisive debater. A brilliant student, light hearted and generous. Is following R.M.C. course preparing to take a commission. His many friends at Loyola will follow his career with interest.

**DIXON, JOHN ALOYSIUS.**—Medallist of his class, in which since his arrival in 1912, he has always been one of the leaders. Famed for his ready smile. Has joined the American O.T.C., where we wish him every success.

**HUDON, FREDERICK VALMORE.**—Earnest and frank, Fred has always shown himself a loyal supporter of the College interests. A strong debater, and capable manager in the sporting or entertaining line. The College loses a good friend in Fred, but the Country gains an able soldier.

**RYAN, JOSEPH JAMES.**—"Joe" is well known to all Loyola boys who have been here for the last nine or ten years, and is popular with them all. Solid in character, kind hearted and courteous always. Like most of the Philosophers has joined the R.F.C. Our best wishes for his success go with him.

**WALSH, TERENCE GERARD.**—Ted's quiet and cheerful temperament has earned him many a friend at College. As President of Loyola Scientific Society, he has shown his natural ability for scientific research. The first of his class to join the colours, he is now a cadet in the R.F.C. The memory of his manly character will not be easily forgotten at Loyola.



## Our Aryan Brotherhood

The unwritten history of the world has few secrets, however deeply hidden they lie in the nebulosity of the past, which the searching eye of time will not sooner or later reveal for the instruction of man. Owl-like time sits upon the branches of the present and looks out into the darkness of the past picking out here and there amid the gloom now a missing link sought by historians, now a corroborating inscription, now an archeological treasure, now an ethnological clue, or again some hitherto ignored affinity between the diversified races of men. This last shall be the theme of my essay; nor shall I delay to declare the motive of my choice, to wit, the desire to see men recognize their likenesses rather than their differences, the cast and trend of their thoughts rather than the color of their race, the soul of their language rather than its accent.

That Irishman and Indian, Icelfander and Afghan, German and Russian, Italian and Persian are brother people sprung from the bosom of a parent race in Central Asia, and nourished by the milk of a common civilization, is a recent discovery of which most men are strangely ignorant. The story that tells how men made the happy find has the interest of a romance and the dignity of an epic.

When, in the sixteenth century, the missionaries set out to spread the light of the gospel among the nations of the East, they little dreamed that by their labors they would some day give to the world of scholarship one of its noblest subjects of study. For the fact is that the moment they attempted to turn the minds of the haughty Brahmins to the true God, they found that, in order to meet with any measure of success, they must first be able to delve into the age-old Vedas or Sacred Books wherein are contained the religious beliefs and traditions of the Hindoos. As these were written in Sanskrit, a thorough knowledge of that ancient tongue was indispensable. The task was indeed an arduous one, but what obstacles will not zeal for souls and

untiring labor surmount? Sanskrit was mastered and a new world discovered.

The Italian Filippo Sassetti visited Goa between 1581 and 1588. After acquiring only a slight knowledge of Sanskrit he wrote to his friends that the new language he was learning had many words in common with Italian, especially in the names for the numerals, for God, and for the ordinary animals. But the Jesuit missionaries went far beyond this, and to them belongs the glory of having led the way towards practical results. Those of them who had acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the literature of India, frequently write back to their superiors giving details and material for some of the most brilliant discoveries of Sir Wm. Jones and Professor Bopp. The French Jesuit Father Coeurdoux writes pointedly to the French Academy, in 1767, asking that learned body how they explained the fact that the Sanskrit vocabulary was, in so many instances similar to the Latin and the Greek. After submitting a long list of words he observes the still more curious fact that there is a striking likeness in declension, conjugation and other grammatical forms. All these announcements were at first received with a certain amount of incredulity, by some even with derision, and many witty things were said about the new "Aryan heresy." But it was not very long before scholars became serious about Sanskrit, and many of them inaugurated researches fraught with momentous results.

Before we pass on to a more detailed account of these results, let us give the Jesuit missionaries their due for the part they took. Max Müller, the renowned Oxford Professor and foremost among linguists and Sanskrit scholars, attests that "The first European Sanskrit scholar was the Jesuit Robert de Nobili." The first Sanskrit grammar written by a European is that of the German Jesuit, Heinrich Roth. With regard to Father Coeurdoux, S.J., Max Müller, says that the humble missionary anticipated the most important achievements of comparative philology by at least half a



century. As works of other Jesuit scholars on this important subject are more than we have space to even mention, let us now proceed to understand what the discovery of Sanskrit has meant for the world.

It was not till the year 1808 that Sanskrit was acknowledged on all sides to be the ground-work on which are built the various languages of Europe; this is equivalent to saying that at a remote age in the dim past the inhabitants of Europe and India spoke the same tongue. It is impossible to over-rate the importance of this discovery or the interest it ought to have in the minds of those who are nobly curious about the past, present, and future of the human race.

The first department of human knowledge to receive new life from Sanskrit was grammar or the science of language. What the telescope has done for astronomy, what the microscope has done for biology, what the X-Ray has done for medical science, that has Sanskrit done for the grammar of language,—it has taught us the anatomy of words: the all-important difference between the "material and formal element," i.e., between the root, the stem, and those little syllables that terminate them. It has shown that what we have been accustomed to regard as one word, is in thousands of cases the crystallized sum and substance of many words; that "ibo," I shall go, for example, is a compound of "i," "boulomai" and "ego"; that "cecidero" placed under the microscope of philology will show six distinct parts: "fall-fall-going-to-be (as regards)-me," "I shall have fallen." Which of us using, as we so often do, the word "recommence" would be likely to suspect that he is really using six words: "re-cum-in-it-i-a-re," i.e., to be going into again with? Or who would ever imagine that the "d" of the tiny word "had" is the remnant of a Sanskrit auxiliary verb which once carried no less than eight inflections. Under the quickening light of Sanskrit, therefore, language, Latin and Greek in particular, ceased to be dry bones and ponderous masses. If studied in the light of philology, they are a living thing permeated

with the life blood of the people, and reflecting the genius of their race. Where once we saw but a confused, unattractive, corpse-like exterior, we now see a transparent organism with bone, fibre, tissue, flowing veins, and a throbbing heart. When will the student of the classics learn to appreciate the discovery that has done so much to make his task a pleasure?

The second inestimable boon the discovery of Sanskrit has conferred on European life, is that it brought the intellect of Europe under the radiance of the intellect of Hindoostan. Imagine another sun suddenly appearing in our part of the heavens and throwing a redoubled effulgence on all sublunary objects; with what new life would not all living things bound and exult? It was even so when the sun of Aryan civilization unexpectedly rose upon Europe from the East reddening the pale light of Greek and Roman culture and revealing a new chapter in the history of the world's youth. The intellectual life of Europe received fresh inspiration when the rich poetry of India raised men's mind to grander heights. Moreover, the keen eye of Sir Wm. Jones did not fail to point out also "the striking similitude between the chief objects of worship" in Greece, Italy and Hindoostan. And when Jacob Grimm, the friend of our childhood days, informed the world that the folk-lore of Germany and Scandinavia, the fairy-tales of Italy and the fables of Greece have a common source in the dramas and poems of the Hindoos, the stories that delighted our early youth at once became charged with new significance and fresh interest.

The thrill of joy which stirred the most profound and cultivated thinkers of the West finds frequent expression. Goethe in Germany sings:

"Dost thou crave Spring's early blossoms and Autumn's mellow fruit; dost thou long for charm and delight, for satiety and nurture; wilt thou Heaven and Earth in one name comprise? then call it Sakuntala (the celebrated Hindoo drama) and thou hast all said."



Michelet, in France, after reading the great epic of India, the "Ramayana," enthusiastically writes: "L'Année 1863 me restera chère et bénie. C'est la première où j'ai pu lire le grand poème sacré de l'Inde, le divin Ramayana."

But if one thing more than another is to be inferred from a common language, a common religion, and a common stock of household tales, it is, most undoubtedly, a common ancestry. This appeals to me as the greatest and most providential blessing the discovery of Sanskrit has given to man, for the very good reason that the recognition of a brotherhood of race must in the long run bring about kinder feeling, more sympathy, and be the strongest human guarantee of future peace on earth and good-will among men.

The evidence drawn from the comparative study of the Indo-European languages, mythologies, and folk-lore, proves, beyond all doubt, that, moving first westward and northward and later eastward and southward, successive bands of Aryans, migrated from the ancestral home north of the Himalayas. The Celt led the way, excavated the silver ores of pre-historic Spain and worked the tin mines of Cornwall; behind him followed the Teuton hunting the boar in the Black Forest and building his hut on the banks of the Rhine, the Oder and the Elbe; on the Teuton's heels came the Slav, who, turning to the north-east halted on the steppes of Russia; the Italic branch entering Europe by a south-westerly route, built Athens, Sparta, and eventually Rome; while the Hindoo brother, crossing the mountains to the south-east, descended with his Veddas and Sanskrit tongue to establish himself on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus. As time ran its course rivers and mountains separated one offshoot from the other and diverse climates variously tinted their features and wrought many a change upon their language, until gradually the wanderers lost remembrance of the rock from which

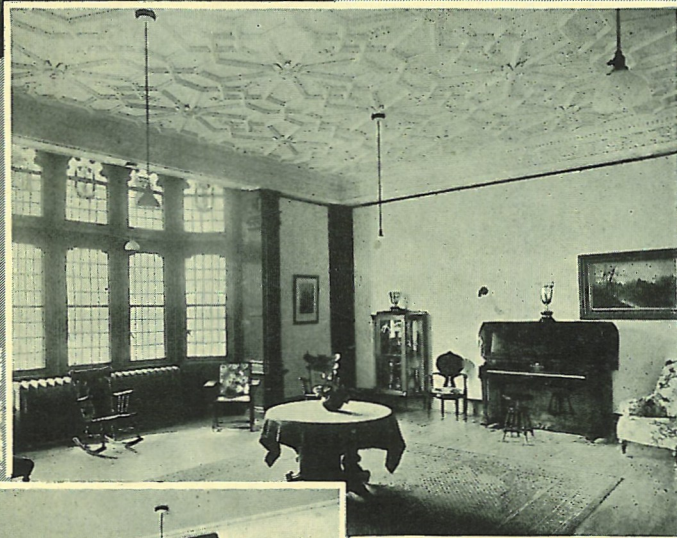
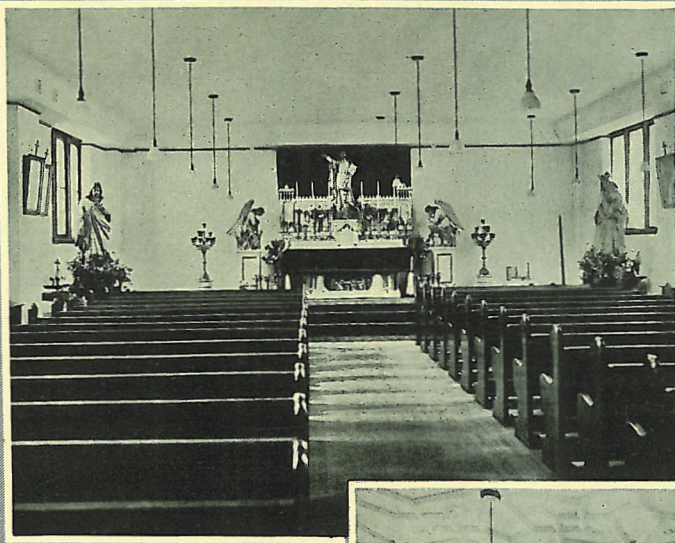
they were hewn. They often met in their peregrinations but they no longer recognized one another as brothers. An unfamiliar accent disguised their speech and the mask of color their skins. They even mistook each other for enemies and fought, often bitterly,—fought like brothers in a drama, sadly ignorant of their close kinship,—Mede fought Persian, Persian fought Greek, Greek fought Roman, Roman fought Teuton and Teuton fought Celt,—and still they fight more savagely than ever before. Is it not, then, a consummation devoutly to be wished that, as in the final act of the drama, brother recognizes brother by a happy chance, and a tragedy is averted, so in the gruesome drama now being enacted a like revelation may save kindred nations from fratricide?

The discovery has happily been made, yet, unhappily, too, it remains a secret locked up in learned heads, away from the vulgar gaze of the fighting masses whom it most concerns. Were all Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Americans and Canadians conscious that the same Aryan blood flows through their veins, that the same Aryan thoughts arise within their minds, and the same Aryan feelings agitate their breasts, their swords would long ere this have been turned into ploughshares. Already the Angel of Peace has gone abroad calling upon men to join hands in one Society of Nations; mutual protection, suffering humanity, Christian charity, call for such a union, and why not also the consciousness of a common race? The ways of Providence are inscrutable; we can only descry them dimly through the perspective of time, and I, for one, love to think that the discovery of the Ancient World of the East and the brotherhood of European nations through the study of Sanskrit may yet prove to be a means by which the same Divinity that shapes our ends designs to hasten the Reign of Peace for which men sigh.

WALTER CORBETT,

*First Grammar.*





Upper Panel—Chapel.

Middle Panel—Students' Parlor.

Lower Panel—Boys' Billiard Room.



## When I thought I was a Poet

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Act V.

I must not begin this little narrative by declaring myself a full-fledged poet, because by the end of it you may be convinced of the contrary. Without any dallying, therefore, I shall get right down to facts, and leave to the acute reader the decision as to which of Shakespeare's three classes of imaginative persons I belong.

As a poet I always had quite an admirable opinion of myself, which although it has greatly suffered in the event I am about to relate, has never been quite uprooted.

I had just completed a poem on "Spring." To me it was impeccable—the uplifting thought—the perfect metre—the grace and simplicity with which it was written—all contributed to making it a masterpiece. Just imagine how enraptured I was when, after a long and liberal expenditure of midnight oil, I had completed the last word of the last line. There came back to my mind a passage I had read from the historian Gibbon embodying his reflections on the completion of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." He, like me, had just completed a great work. I looked up the passage and it ran as follows: "It was on the day, or rather night, of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house of my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene. The silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatever might be the future fate of my history, the

life of the historian must be short and precarious." Well, if my life also was precarious, thought I, at least I was in a good state to die—I had not an enemy in the world. I was pleased with myself. I began to see light; what Uncle Jed said was coming true; I would furnish a surprise for the folks one time. Already I saw my bust beside Longfellow's in the dim recesses of the Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey, already I saw my name in the head-lines of the great dailies and my fame augmented by the wagging of every tongue. Hundreds of press agents were seeking the services of my gifted pen. I was beginning to see my possibilities—my talents were altogether too precious to be wasted on the arid souls of the unenlightened rustics of my town. Why should I stay in a little insignificant village with no prospects of expansion? No! I would go the very next night—I would go to the big publishers in New York. There, in a larger field, would I reap the fruits of my unmitigated labor; I would deliver my first works and in a month New York would be at my feet.

The shades of night were falling as next evening the N.Y. & H. Express pulled into the little depot and I stepped on board. The following morning I found myself in the big city. I had never seen such a station or for that matter so many people as were hustling and bustling about. To this crowd I was at present just another insignificant human atom, but soon, thought I—I checked my imaginings and immediately sought one of the largest publishers.

Arrived at H— Bros., Publishers, I walked boldly up to a clerk, that I might find out the whereabouts of the manager.

"He's not in," he replied, to my query, looking me up and down in a most impertinent manner.

"If he only knew what he was losing by this delay," I muttered to myself half-aloud.



"I'll look again," said the clerk.

In a moment he reappeared, "Step this way, sir, if you please."

The austere look on the manager's countenance somewhat discomfited me, none the less I ventured: "I believe you are the manager of this firm?"

"Precisely," he replied.

This reassured me a little and I felt further: "Possibly you have heard of me; I am Goliath Daniels of —, N.J., I write elegies, sonnets—"

"What is your business," he cut in.

"This" I replied. "I have here a means of wealth to you and me, a golden opportunity that must not be overlooked—"

"Poems, eh!" he interjected, "well, let's have a sample, a good one, now."

Without further bidding I drew out the manuscript on "Spring" and assuming my best posture, I sent forth these immortal lines:

When mother nature wakens  
From her slumber icy cold  
And the sun sends forth his legions  
Arrayed in martial gold.

When the birds sing in the orchard  
And the rivulets ring clear  
And the cows go back to pasture  
Then we know that Spring is here.

When the dandelions are showing  
Their gold above the green  
And youthful thoughts are soaring  
With the beauty of the scene  
Then we know that summer's coming  
Then we know that Spring is here.

When I had finished, to my surprise, indignation and horror the manager burst out into a loud empty laugh such as one would expect to hear from a donkey had it a human head.

"Well" said I.

At this he literally guffawed.

Without more ado I picked up my belongings, tore out the door, and made good till I came to the station.

I am no longer in the dark; Uncle Jed was right I did hand my folks a surprise when the next day I walked in, right in the middle of dinner.

After dinner I picked up a copy of a college publication, the "Loyola College Review," and I read therein the following short poem:

#### A RASH INSPIRATION

I am raging within till my skin burns  
With the blaze of poetical fire;  
My verse in a cadence of Swinburne's  
Leaps to birth, as I tinkle my lyre.

My brow with a fever is glowing,  
My heart well-nigh stops in its beat;  
My teeming brain, full to o'erflowing  
Seems to seethe with Apollo's own heat.

There's an itch in my hankering fingers,  
There are fires in my breast, on my tongue,  
Heliconian thirst ever lingers  
Unslaked, till my numbers be sung.

'Tis the god! On my mind's magic easels  
The Muses are painting apace....  
You're kidding yourself, it's the measles,  
See the little red spots on your face!

Hereupon the thought crossed my mind as to whether I had any symptoms, when just then I heard Uncle Jed call out: "Goliath, ye better come help pitch off this load of hay." I went forth to give "a local habitation" not to "airy nothing" but to a substantial load of hay, and the hay season keeping me busy for some time, I recovered in the late summer.

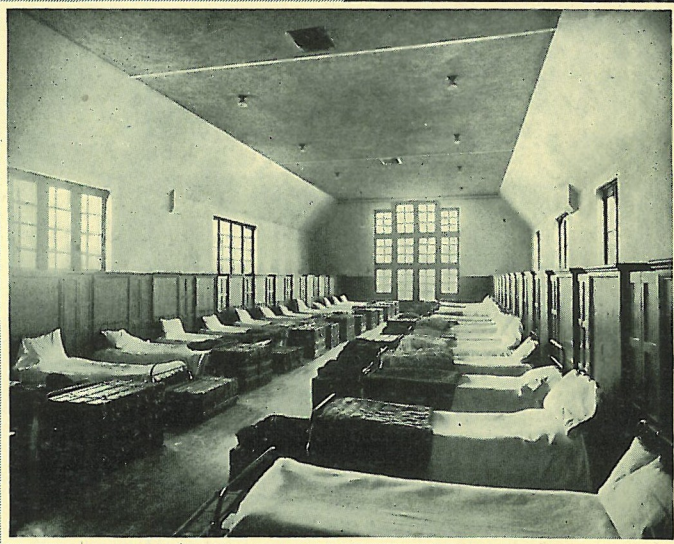
G. F. ANGLIN, '23.

#### TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years—  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street—  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears and make me see aright,  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep—  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.





Upper Panel—Boys' Dormitory.

Middle Panel—Boys' Refectory.

Lower Panel—Boys' Dormitory.



## The House That Jack Built

Behold the mansion reared by daedal Jack,

See the malt stored'n many a plethoric sack,  
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade  
The golden stores in Jack's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides  
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides—  
Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent  
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,  
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,  
Stored in the hollowed precincts of that hall  
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn  
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn.  
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew  
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through  
The textile fibres that involved the grain  
Which lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,  
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew  
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn  
Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn  
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir  
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur  
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw  
Struck the wierd rat in whose insatiate maw  
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth  
Too long a prey to Chronos's iron tooth,  
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,  
Full with Eros's osculative sign,  
To the lorn maiden whose lactalbic hands  
Drew albulactic bovine wealth from lacteal glands  
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn  
Distort to realm ethereal was borne  
The beast catulean, vexed of the sly  
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die  
The old mordacious rat that dared devour  
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.



Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct  
 Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked  
 In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,  
 Whose means exiguous stared through many a rift,  
 Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,  
 Who milked the cow with implicated horn,  
 Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,  
 That dared to vex the insidious muricide,  
 Who let auroral effluence through the pelt  
 Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,  
 Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,  
 Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,  
 To him, who, robed in garment indigent,  
 Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,  
 The emulgator of that horned brute morose,  
 That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt  
 The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

D. E. H.



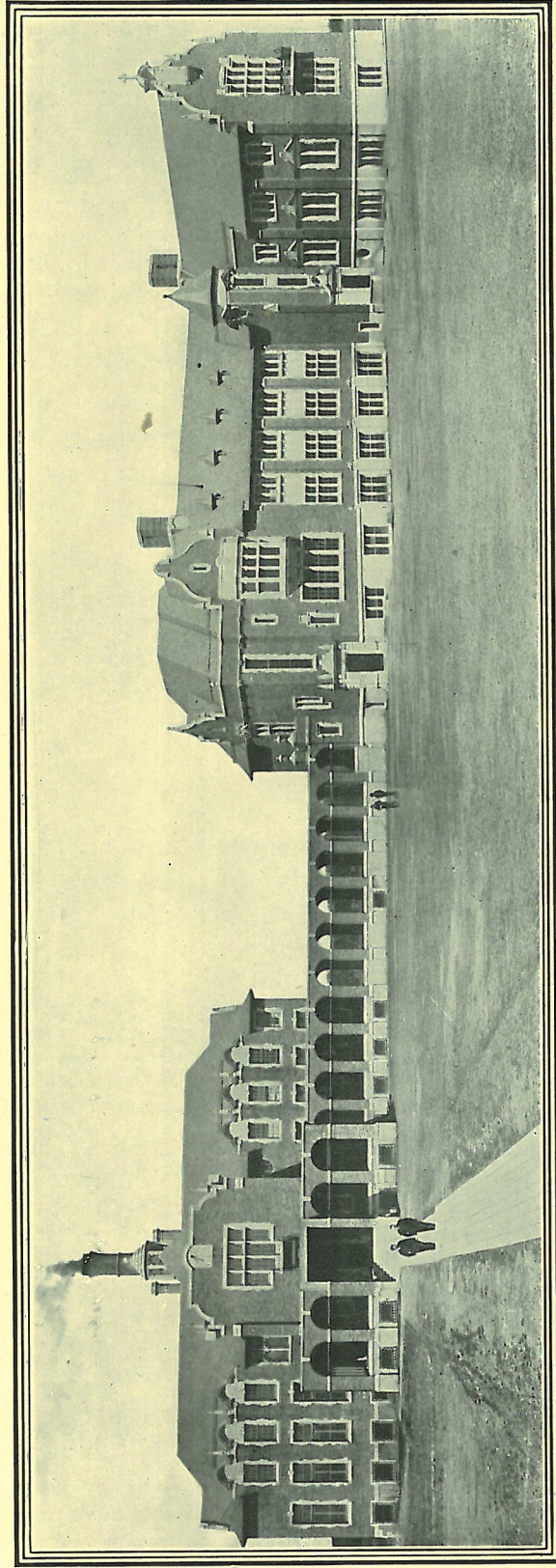
### SCHOOL-BOY'S ESSAY

---

Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides women and children. The 1st was beheaded, then executed afterwards. The second was revoked—she never smiled again. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Wolsely. He was called the "Boy Bachelor," being at the age of 15 unmarried. Had he served his wife as diligently as he served the King, she would not have deprived him of his grey hairs. Henry VIII quarrelled with Lord Wolsely because he courted Anne Boleyn. He also quarrelled with the Pope because he called him "Fide the Offensive" and "Dandy Lion" and other unpleasant appetites. He also quarrelled with the monasteries. He pulled down barns and built greater and the last

state of that man was worse than the first. He died on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," his horse trod on a cinder and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. In this reign the Bible was translated into Latin by Titus Oates, who was ordered by the King to be chained up in church. It was in this reign also that the Duke of Wellington discovered America and invented the curfew bells to prevent fires in theatres. There was also a great fire in London called the Black Death and after the fire came the earthquake, and after the earthquake a still small voice. Henry VIII was succeeded by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the "Lady of the Lake" or the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."





Juniors' Building.

Refectory Building.



# THE WEEKLY THUNDERSTORM

Saturday, May 18th, 1918

No. 6

## EDITORIAL

Nearly all the students now have the habit of looking for the "Weekly Thunderstorm" every Saturday. We hope to make this weekly paper so good that all—without the nearly—will look for it eagerly each week.

Our "General College News" will get better as we go on. This department will tell what the boarders don't know about the day scholars and what the day scholars don't know about the boarders.

Added to this there will be side-splitting jokes (every one of them original). There will also be Select Poems, Short Stories and a Grand Serial Story, "The Spy." Some of these begin to-day.

## THE PHILOSOPHERS

We wept tears of sorrow when we learned some time ago that the dear little philosophers, in their mahogany suite above the hash-room, were really going to leave us. Since then, four joined the aviation, one took the R.M.C., and another the wireless course. We have heard nothing about the others.

Beside his unlearned books he sat,  
Minus his studious frown,  
His eyes were closed, he calmly dozed,  
He dreamed of his home town.

Wide through the vision of his dreams,  
Were the streets of that little town,  
And in the shade beneath the trees,  
He walked them up and down.

Once more he saw his fair "cousine,"  
Upon her door-step stand,  
She smiled at him as he passed by,  
The smile was sweet and bland—  
A tear dropped from the sleeper's lids,  
And fell upon his hand.

## THE WEATHER

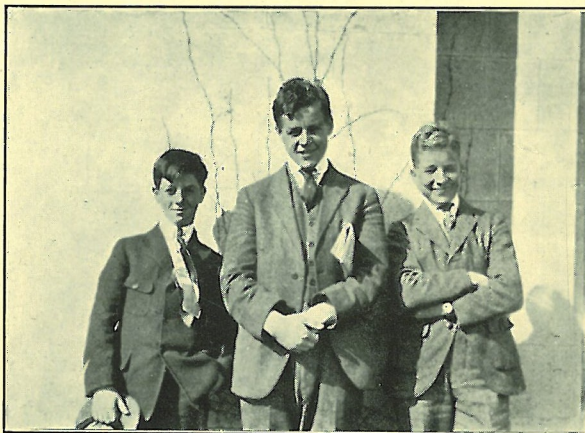
"Star Gazer" Galipeau reports that the week will be unusually fair; every day in the week being fine with the exception of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday we will have a "Thunderstorm."

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

E. Brannan—This quiet handsome little dove is of a very kind nature; it is seldom heard from, but when it speaks it is liable to mutter anything at all. P.S.—It has just put on long pants.

P. Dawson—No other bird of this species has yet been discovered. It has legs out of proportion with its body, these it covers with an absurd looking cloth, giving itself a very queer appearance. Call: "I paid three bones for these socks."

T. Walsh—A high crested and lordly bird, which takes long strides about the room, it is generally known by its call, "Ladies and Gentlemen."



Morris Davis Gerald Anglin Cuthbert Scott  
"Ye Editors"  
of  
"The Weekly Thunderstorm"

## THE BOARDER'S DREAM

And then at furious pace he strode  
Into the pantry wide,  
His inner man with cakes and cheer,  
He readily supplied.  
At each bite he could feel that a good square meal  
He was putting away inside.

The scholar felt the teacher's hand,  
It waked him from his dream,  
He rubbed his eyes in mild surprise,  
"Things are not as they seem."

GERALD ANGLIN



"The Weekly Thunderstorm"—*continued.*

ODE ON "JUG"

There are certain parts of college,  
Which come first above my knowledge,  
No doubt, the same with you who read this rhyme;  
And I'm sure when you have tried it,  
You will firmly have decided,  
That it isn't just like Heaven all the time.

It is lovely I'll admit,  
On the campus green to sit,  
Or to shoot the pill across the good old pan;  
But there are other things to bear,  
Which would make a good man swear,  
That were customs since the college first began.

When the sun is shining down  
On this little one-horse town  
On the morning of a cheerful holiday,

Visions flit before your eyes  
Of all imaginable pies,  
And the very thought of "Walton's" makes you gay.

With a bright and cheerful mind,  
Thinking not of what you'll find,  
You are happy as a lark, but pretty soon,  
You will get a little note,  
With this cheerful anecdote:  
"Take an hour of jug, my boy, this afternoon."

Oh! it's lovely, this old life.  
Like a man without a wife,  
And we all feel sure we won't be back next year,  
But when another year comes 'round,  
Here we are all safe and sound,  
And the same old bell and orders do we hear.

C. SCOTT



ORCHESTRA AND MANDOLIN CLUB

Wendling, McVey, Beaudin, Anglin, Gaynor, Dowling, O'Brien, Lonergan, Hearne, Day, Chabot  
W. Scott, J. Whalen, Hammond, Brannen, Nadeau, McGee, C. Scott, Decary, M. Davis  
Wickham, C. Zimmerman, McGarry, Belisle, Rev. E. G. Bartlett, S.J., Pye, Binda, Nunez, Kelly, E. Whalen  
E. Zimmerman, Donoghue, Aubut



## COLLEGE STAFF

TWENTY-SECOND ACADEMICAL YEAR

1917-1918

†

REV. ALEX. A. GAGNIEUR, S.J., Rector  
 REV. J. MILWAY FILION, S.J., Vice-Rector, Mental and Moral Philosophy  
 REV. JOHN F. COX, S.J., Rhetoric and Humanities, Apologetics  
 MR. ERLE G. BARTLETT, S.J., Prefect of Studies and of Discipline  
 MR. JOSEPH A. CORCORAN, S.J., Higher Mathematics, Sciences  
 MR. DEMETRIUS B. ZEMA, S.J., First Grammar  
 MR. D. PATRICK COUGHLIN, S.J., Second Grammar  
 MR. THOMAS J. LALLY, S.J., Third Grammar, Librarian  
 MR. JOHN HUGH KEENAN, S.J., Latin Rudiments  
 MR. M. FRANCIS BRESLIN, S.J., Preparatory I  
 MR. RAPHAEL E. KENNEDY, S.J., Preparatory II  
 MR. FRANCIS J. McDONALD, S.J., Prefect, Mathematics  
 MR. PIUS J. McLELLAN, S.J., Prefect, Mathematics  
 MR. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J., Prefect  
 PROF. P. J. SHEA, Music  
 J. G. McCARTHY, Esq., M.D., College Physician  
 J. L. D. MASON, Esq., M.D., College Physician



## A Generous Donation In Memoriam

†

THE Fathers wish the Editors to put on record in the Review the generous gift of Mrs. Walter Kavanagh, a kind friend and benefactress of the College, who in the current year donated five thousand dollars to Loyola in memory of her son, the late Joseph Kavanagh, an old Loyola boy.

Joseph Kavanagh was at College from 1904 to 1906, and died on August the thirty-first, nineteen hundred and sixteen. Of him all who knew him will reverently say with us:

*"Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased God: therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."*—Wisdom IV, 13-14.



## Debating Societies

### THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting was for the election of officers, the following being chosen:

President, Mr. Gaston de Lisle; Vice-President, Mr. Fred. Hudon; Secretary, Mr. C. Phelan; Councilors, R. Anglin, John Wolfe.

Father J. Milway Filion replaced Mr. Bergin in the important duties of Moderator.

The meetings were held weekly—*de jure* and *de facto*—and well attended always, because the debaters from first to last made each meeting interesting and instructive.

The subjects selected for debate were varied, generally bearing on questions of actual interest. The Light-Saving Bill was luminously dealt with and passed before Commons or Senate voted; the Japanese were ordered out of Manchuria long before the Powers spoke; the urgent necessity for Military Service was so eloquently expatiated upon that both the local opponents of the Bill have enlisted since; in point of fact, the under-age volunteers were so numerous before many months that the two Philosophy Classes and the Debating Society itself were put out of commission long before the scheduled end of the term.

A departure from the ordinary routine was the public debate in which Loyola representatives crossed lances with a K. of C. team in the latter's Hall on Mountain Street; this battle of words and ideas resulted in a draw. Flattering comments were made on our youthful debaters' (Mr. Roy Dillon and Gaston de Lisle) creditable showing.

The Annual Banquet proved satisfactory to the members without giving offence to the Food Controller. The post-prandial drafts also were inoffensive—being chiefly drawn from the sources of anodyne eloquence.

To sum up: This year (like each of the previous years) has been the most successful of all; chiefly because great interest was taken in the important training which public debating gives the earnest student; and secondly because the speeches were well prepared.

Most of these Ciceros have discarded the toga to don the Khaki. After helping to drive Wilhelm's legions back to Berlin, they will be ready to beat him at his own favorite game—speech-making.

### HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The outstanding features of the very successful and admirable work done by the H. S. Debating Society during the past year seem to be as follows:

October 1st, 1917—The first regular meeting of the term was held to elect officers. The successful candidates were, C. McCarthy, President; J. Penfold, Vice-President; T. Walsh, Secretary; G. Carroll, Treasurer; E. McGarr, Sgt.-at-Arms; J. Hearn, T. Day, W. Scott, Censors.

December 10th—Lecture on "The Art of Shakespeare" by Rev. J. Milway Filion, S.J. The lecturer took "Macbeth" for his text, and, by readings, illustrated to what extent the secret of Shakespeare's art of character delineation lies in the poet's power of suggestion.

December 17th—Cicero's action against Catiline for conspiracy. At this meeting the hall was transformed into a Roman court of Justice for the trial of Catiline. J. O'Halloran took the part of Cicero as "accusator", and A. Wendling that of Catiline as "reus", while the "patronus causae" was W. Corbett and the "advocati" defending Catiline were, Messrs. McCarthy, Bray, and Belisle. J. Penfold presided as "Judex Quaestionis." All the formalities of Roman judicial procedure were observed and both defence and prosecution adhered to historical data. "Fulvia's" swooning in the witness box and "Caesar's" invective will be long remembered, as will O'Halloran's eloquence and wit in the part of Cicero.

February 4th, 1918—First meeting of the Second Term at which the following officials were elected: President, W. Corbett; Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien; Secretary, T. Walsh; Treasurer and Sgt.-at-Arms, J. Meegan; Censors, J. Penfold, G. Anglin, G. Altimas.

March 16th—Concert in honor of St. Patrick. "Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty" by L.

Kelly and H. Gaynor, "The Grave Diggers," from Hamlet, by T. Walsh and T. Day, Irish melodies and violin pieces—all were on the programme.

April 29th—The following Essays were read:

"Education of the Athenian Youth," G. Anglin; "Development of Gunpowder and Firearms," L. Macdonell; "The Catholic Church—Muse of Christian Art," W. Scott; "The Popes, Sponsors of the Sciences," A. McGovern; "The Combat" from the "Lady of the Lake," recitation by J. Galvin.

May 6th—Public Debate. Question: "Resolved, that the creation of an independent Jewish state in the Holy Land, is both desirable and practicable." Messrs. A. Wendling and T. Walsh defended the affirmative; Messrs. R. Belisle and H. Gaynor, the negative, and W. Scott was Chairman. The Judges were Rev. G. J. McShane, P.S.S. (Chairman), Rev. M. P. Reid, and Dr. Wm. H. Atherton, Ph.D.

The Judges' decision was given in favor of the Affirmative, and Thomas Walsh was officially declared the best individual debater.

The vocal and violin selections were appreciated.

The Very Reverend Father Power, S.J., who presided, closed the exercises with an address rich in wit and wisdom. The auditors had perhaps never realized before that if the pen is mightier than the sword, the tongue is mightier than the pen and sword put together.

The admirable training in public speaking received in the H. S. Debating Society is primarily due to Mr. D. B. Zema, S.J., our Moderator, and the secretary wishes to express hereby the Society's gratitude for the energetic interest which has helped so much to make the Society the success it is.

T. WALSH, Secretary



## Class Chronicles

### RHETORIC

Mercury was despatched by Zeus to inform me that I was appointed Assistant Manager of the Assignment Bureau in Hades. My duties were to receive the spirits, question them as to their abilities, and assign them to duties. I began work as a shallop-load of sullen-looking shades arrived.

In the first batch was a personal friend of mine, M. P. Malone. I learned that he had capacities for everything. A fine fellow, I thought, and I chose him as my private secretary. Other shades flitted in. Amongst them was a tall thin man, who looked like a hungry poet. I at once recognized Horatio Tabb, my former classmate. Despite his violent appearance, I knew him to be harmless. From his own lips, I learned he was well versed in music and oratory, and I allowed him the freedom of the Elysian fields. He departed, and Bob Bouchette stepped in. I appointed him guide to the Stygian summer resorts. Another shade appeared, and I found myself looking into Chabot's face. He had been my friend on earth, but I did not say "Hello! old top; glad to see you here!" because I never rejoice at the misfortune of my friends. Considering the good taste he had shown in photography, I appointed him official photographer in our department.

When he had left for the studio of his new avocation, I went in search of a cool drink; only liquid air could be had in Hades.

On my return, I found a number of my former acquaintances waiting for employment. The first in line was Renaud. Here I was puzzled. In answer to my queries as to his abilities, the only reply was, "I can do nothing." Finally, in despair, I told him to get out and do . . . . as he was wont to do in Rhetoric in days gone by. Next in line was Sarse Malone. At once recalling his wide abilities as a critic and organizer, I appointed him personal adviser to Pluto. Then came McGarry, "Jim", as I have heard Charon familiarly call him. His frame was so muscular and his skin so swarthy that without any further hesitation, I put him in charge of the foundry department to oversee the

manufacture of keys for Pluto and wheels for Ixion. Next to him stood Nunez, who at College always showed his wisdom by his silence. What could I do with him? A sudden inspiration came and I instructed him how and when to throw rocks into the pool of Tantalus, that the water might rise to moisten that hapless one's lips; this was by way of practising a little charity.

The last in line was Anglin. He informed me Toronto was his home, and architecture his profession. He was most welcome, for the limits of Tartarus needed extending; I graciously put him in charge of this work, suggesting that he might take his home town as a model.

I dismissed them all, thinking to get a few moments' rest, when the door swung violently open, and in rushed an irate youth. He poured forth expressive words with such volubility, that I found it impossible to follow him. When he cooled down, I learned that he was complaining of the loss of part of his trousers, seriously mutilated by the dog Cerberus; he showed me all that remained of the shoe-string that held his glasses. Then, and not before, did I recognize Mousseau. As he was shedding copious tears I consoled him, saying that all such trinkets prized of mortals are not missed in the Plutonian regions.

Then a youth whom I recognized as Lachapelle entered. He asserted that he was an artist. I knew him to be a sensible man, judging from his favourite maxim, "If a coward won't show his face, hit him in the part he shows." I employed him in painting frescoes of Elysian scenes for the relief of the more desolate souls.

His High Erebian Majesty, Pluto, was next at my side giving me flattering compliments on the tactful manner in which I had handled the shades; he said something about deposing Rhadamanthus and appointing me Judge in his place, but here I seemed to feel a little hand on my shoulder, and a treble voice seemed to whisper, "Arthur, go to bed, dear!"

"JACK-O' LANTERN"

### HUMANITIES—A RETROSPECT

The good ship Humanities having, with valiant prow, furrowed another journey upon the sea of knowledge is entering the welcome harbour of Vacations.

During the months that have passed, we have, above all else, learned to look upon the acquisition of knowledge only as a means to the greater goal of wisdom. Accordingly, we have not seen a vast quantity of authors. We have confined ourselves to a few: Homer, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Boileau, and the master English authors. But to come from our deeds to ourselves.

Nearest to the patriarchal desk sits one who came into our midst this very year from the land of the Stars and Stripes, bearing the name of Walter Bryan. An effervescent youth, mighty on the Rugby field; who did valiantly chop the Rhetoricians' ankles in that memorable game of hockey which we fought and won in an overtime period. No less marvellous is he on the diamond, and many a class has envied us his possession. We next record the deeds of another great man, J. Kenneth Chisholm. Always trustworthy, Kenny would give his heart and hand to anything for his class's good, and now that he has gone from our midst, all join in wishing him Godspeed wherever he goes. John Hough sits next to Chisholm. Of John, the "Gazette" and the "Star" have spoken every Tuesday, when they informed North America how well he defended Loyola's fair name in the City Hockey League.

John Hough's broad shoulders almost shut out of sight another Humanitarian, small in body but great in mind, laconic "Bill" McGee, the one and only man of his kind. Behind him, a tower of strength arises, no less a man than Paul Wickham, our most diligent patron of the College store. Much will Canadian trade suffer if Paul carries out his threat to become a sailor. If you peeped long enough over his shoulders you might possibly see Henry Smeaton, who, with the aid of Anthon, finds pleasure in Homer. To his right, sits Norman, surnamed Masse, the young man who delights in politics, in sensational novels, and feats of strength.

And now I pass to one who deals in technicalities, a veritable encyclopaedia, whose knowledge is so exact, that his name Fernand Terroux, has become for us synonymous with inerrancy. Last, I mention John Edward Dolan, our porter. Though many a time and oft he was made leave his seat on false alarms, nevertheless, he has filled the useful office of traffic constable on Homer, and bravely raised his hand in expostulation when the Greek prelections seemed to exceed the speed limit.

If one day success crowns our efforts, I am sure that one and all will unite in saying that the greatest part of that is due to our worthy professor, Father Cox.

"EYE-WITNESS"





GROUP OF MIDDLE DIVISION BOYS, 1918



PREPARATORY BOYS



## FIRST GRAMMAR

First Grammar is a bee-hive all abuzz, a roaring forge of Cyclops, whose arms

"heaved in vast strength, in order rise,  
And blow to blow in measured chime replies,  
While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,  
And Aetna's caves with ponderous anvils roar."

"No half measures!" "do things well or not at all," "age quod agis," "your brothers are bleeding on the battle-field,—justify your existence," under such stimuli do they bend to a serious man's task and shun the trifter.

Yet, have no misconceptions, good friend, it is not all a tragedy. Cheer is a law of this studious realm. "L'Allgero" joins hands with "Il Penseroso" and "Laughter holding both his sides" is a frequent visitor in this "studious cloister's pale." Did space allow, many episodes might go on record to show in what strange ways grave pursuits in First Grammar will give cause for mirth. Did not Classic Architecture, for example, involve our esteemed fellow, Wendling, in a German plot to destroy the Bank of Montreal, when, enchanted with the ancient beauty of that edifice, he paused on Place D'Armes Square, book in hand to note the detail of execution in the Corinthian column and entablature? Greek is, on the testimony of all, the subject fraught with most serious consequences; and yet, what more mirthful than a recitation in that ancient tongue. Every First Grammarian knows that he would almost forgo a home holiday to hear Corbett expound Greek. With what admirable self-reliance he will launch upon a troubled sea! and laugh you to scorn if you cry "Rocks ahead!" But a sudden crash! then floating spars and a struggling form emerge:

"I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled,  
Oh, how I am troubled,  
Bamboozled a bit."

So united and yet so varied is the body of First Grammarians, that my fancy's eye sees them in the guise of a stream. At first I see it tumble with precipitous roar in Macdonell and Sutton. It breaks with Binda into clouds of sparkling spray, then kissed

by the sun, arches into smiling rainbows with Gibson and Pye. With McCarthy at the foot of the plunge, it seethes in eddies and whirls; thence it moves on a deep river with not a ripple on its surface; so do I see Penfold, O'Halloran, Feeney and Hearn; it recedes into placid bays with Lonergan, McGarr, McVey and Beaudin; chatters over stony ways with Bray, and murmurs and babbles "in sharps and trebles." But look how it dashes onward again in Wendling and Belisle, submerging all the rocks that threaten its advance. And as it nears the plain, behold it spread in wide and expansive reaches in Hebert, Delisle and O'Brien until it mingles with the ocean.

You recall the poet singing that "Order is Heaven's first law":—It is First Grammar's also. Everything bespeaks it; as we cross the threshold into this hall of wisdom, we instinctively march with reverent steps, so unmistakably do we feel its influence.

Come forward and view the Art Gallery, the First Grammarian's pride. There you may feast eye and mind upon scenes from History, Mythology, and upon gems of the Masters. Here is Raphael's Sistine Madonna; there hang the ruins of the Roman Forum; the time-defying Pantheon, and the Temple of Poseidon. Turn to the wall at the rear and see where Ulysses, in his wild mood, ploughs the sandy shore; or where Apollo, lyre in hand, stands on Mount Parnassus instructing the Muses.

The Black-boards, clinics where inert bodies of Arts and Languages are minutely dissected, the great book carrying fac-similes of Roman Amphitheatres, Temples and Triumphal Arches, the bookshelf groaning beneath the weight of lexicons and mythological volumes, (a haven to which we often repair as thirsting travellers to a fountain) and the miniature Temple of Vesta dominating the whole, these artistic surroundings bear witness to the artistic temperament of the First Grammarians; while the silver crests, hanging from every wall, attest the nerve and sinew that carries off the laurels from the field of sport. This, the Hall of Chivalry, the Table Round, whence knights have already gone abroad to "uphold the Christ" and "redress human wrongs."

M. J. PYE.

## SECOND GRAMMAR

To undertake the composition of a chronicle for such a strenuous, hard-working class as that of Second Grammar would be the work of some peerless scribe of the first water. But, hold! were I to continue, my pen would at last shelter itself securely beneath a pile of apologies as high as Olympus, so let us return to the original trend.

In the above lines, the terms "strenuous, hard-working Second Grammar" were used. Picture the gentle reader pondering deeply over these words, and, if he be familiar with our class, the aversion with which he would consider their misuse. But, we were strenuous; we were hard-working, although, perhaps, not exactly along the same lines. Who will deny that Casgrain, Nunez, Gleeson, and Leamy were energetic in as much as class-work was concerned? Again, who will deny that there were more vivacious chatterboxes than Coughlin and Wall? And, once more, who, may I ask, are more active in sports than Kelly and Vanier?

To those who are unacquainted with the bustling class-life of Second-Grammar, let me say, that, in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, we have gone far beyond the limits set by former classes. Besides,

numerous debates, the weekly elocution, and a mock-trial, combined with an original way of rendering the Latin and Greek authors, made the year pass swiftly and agreeably.

The debates, under the discreet and experienced guidance of Tom Walsh, proved to be time well spent. Messrs. Collins, Carlin, Kelly, and Vanier showed an unusual amount of talent, and bid fair, in the near future, to be orators of no mean ability.

Moreover, Athletics are not by any means, unknown. The senior Football Team claims at least five of our members. In Hockey, Baseball, and Basketball, we fought to the bitter end for the coveted shields, representing the victor's spoils.

Interesting undertakings such as the foregoing made everything exceedingly pleasant in Second Grammar. Labour may have been plentiful, indeed, but we performed it faithfully and with good will; and, now that the term is almost at an end, we can hardly realize that ten months have come and gone within the seemingly short space we spent together as Second Grammarians.

TOM DAY.



## THIRD GRAMMAR

Often with prophetic eye I've scanned the future  
years,  
And lightly traced with eager hand the possible  
careers  
Of College friends; and Fancy seemed to lend me  
pleasant dreams,  
And lighted up the future years with far-extending  
beams.

I saw the lawyer Tobin there, to fame known far  
and wide;  
Upon the bench sat H. Levesque, the while his fellow  
eyed;  
"Geoff" Plunkett and Paul Casey too, were famous  
"far from home."  
Decarie George had left the town the northern wilds  
to roam.

The scene was changed; lo! Europe's conflict then  
came into view,  
Where Anglin and John Rolland fought for the old  
Red White and Blue.  
Then to the Indies sped my thoughts, where in the  
jungle wild,  
"Staff" Hartney and Paul Brennan toil, to save the  
heathen child.

A Baseball diamond met my gaze, as Davis stepped  
to bat,  
While from his private motor-car, Judge Connor  
waved his hat.  
There too was Murray Semple, as a dapper school  
trustee,  
While close behind John Sinnet sat, and yelled with  
frantic glee.

The future College was now brought before my  
soothsayer's eyes,  
Where Rev. Peter Duffey sat as Rector,—and,  
surmise  
My feelings, when, with awe, I gazed into the Pre-  
fect's room,  
And there saw Rev. D. Malone, amid the lowering  
gloom.

Bright fancy next conveyed my mind to books by  
many sought,  
And, looking up the author's name, I saw 'twas  
Wilfred Scott.

Religious volumes now essayed my eager brain to lure,  
And on the gilded sides I read the name of Eugene  
Gourre.

The vision faded quite away, and as it seemed to  
pass,  
I clearly saw Paul Cuddihy declaiming to his class  
From Hammond's Latin Grammar—and I well  
remembered now,  
That Brian always asked for themes, e'en though he  
caused a row.

A scientific working den came next beneath my gaze,  
Where Snetsinger's experiments I saw with great  
amaze;  
Forsooth, I almost quite collapsed, when through the  
open door,  
I saw Will Brennan vivisection a dog upon the floor.

Then I beheld Mulvena Marcus, a Rhetorician he;  
While Brannen, as a wealthy merchant, built schools  
and churches free.  
And happy in their southern homes, regardless of all  
care,  
Dwelt Gallegos and Villada, in peace and plenty  
there.

John Gaynor and Ted Whalen in Parliament were  
found,  
Imbuing politicians there with doctrines new, but  
sound.  
Then I beheld G. Carroll, in purple robes attired,  
And like him Gerald Altimas, to equal heights aspired.

I entered next a surgeon's Hall, gloomy, cold, and  
dull,  
And there was Dr. Aubut, hard at work upon a skull;  
I rushed away in horror, and dashing down the stair,  
Ran into Dr. Quinlan, laden with collections rare.

The fleeting vision passed away, but long I felt its  
thrill,  
And here I have retraced it with faint and faithful  
quill.  
That future was unfolded, lads, where we shall win  
or lose;  
And may we one and all have light, the better path  
to choose.

A. McGOVERN, '24



IN THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



# RUDIMENTS

To enter into a detailed account of every boy in Rudiments would be, in view of the high cost of paper, to run foul of the Commission controlling the Dominion's Expenditures; to mention merely their names would be to run foul of the fair youths themselves, probably a greater danger. By way of compromise, then, let us take a hurried glance at these jugglers of Latin declensions and conjugations.

To begin by means of Reduction Ascending:—

Parker, who, from his bench, can swing his feet clear without disturbing the dust on the floor; John Smeaton, who can utter more words in a single breath than Hiawatha ever thought of; O'Cain, always a shining light, and still an example of coolness; Nightingale, not even asked to join the choir; "Bobby" Burns, whose poetic instincts, like himself, refuse to work; Boyer, Drolet, MacKenzie, and O'Grady form a cosmopolitan group very difficult to part; Paul Dawson, a future "Home-Run" Baker without the "Home-Run"; Hesser, who aspires to become a Big League umpire; Harwood and McCaffrey, whose constant cry is "Buy your tickets now"; Lane, who inserted an "ad" in a

local paper to this effect: "Lost—30 lbs. Finder generously rewarded." T. Lavery, who acted the part of the Prodigal Son, and returned home to Rudiments; A. Lavery, whose specialty is the high jump; Ethier and McAsey, the mathematical fiends; Kennedy and Chavanel, who seem to have a lease on the side-walk leading in from Sherbrooke St.; Dowling, an ardent devotee of the "tuneful nine"; Galvin, who thinks and lives Baseball, and does a little Latin on the side; Troughton, "as silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean"; Gloutney, "From the East came he, and sang 'America I love thee.'" Walsh, Gerald, "twere sweet to talk," said he, "and spoke he well"; Scott, "and he looks the whole world in the face—on St. Catherine St."; Thomas, having broken almost everything about the place, went back to the farm to break the soil; Davis, "It was his wont to sing 'I hear Me calling Me'"; Smith, who holds the noiseless tenor of life's ways; Walsh, Desmond, "I don't know what you said about my loyalty, but I deny it"; and Taugher, who hasn't missed attending a political meeting for many moons.

THE CLASS.

# FIRST PREPARATORY

"An hour will come with pleasure to relate  
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.  
Endure the hardships of your present state,  
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."

Besides decisively defeating more experienced Baseball Teams, First Prep. boys are capable of many other startling achievements. A half-hour visit to their class-room on a day when they are at their best would conclusively prove the truth of the foregoing statement. However, not to indulge in too lengthy an introduction, let us make a rapid review of these "worthies" who are willing to undertake anything, be it reducing square feet to ounces; informing you that Brock won the Battle of Waterloo; or giving any other priceless information.

It takes all kinds to make up a class. Some are big, some are small. Percy Shea is among the small. But he isn't so small that he is not known. His English Compositions were always eagerly listened to, and his declamations were justly praised. "Jack" McDougal made his debut in the "toga virilis" at Easter, and spread winning smiles on his less favoured classmates. (His favourite studies are English Analysis and French. See prize list.) Tellier's extreme hatred of Ambition increased exceedingly during the past year. In this he found an able seconder in the person of "Jim" Riley, whose notion of work is still very limited. In company with Gallegos, Pangman seriously intends to revise the Revised Speller. Gerald Decary surprised all, himself included, by his return to form, and the tight grip he held on first place in Arithmetic.

'Tis said that under the softening influence of time, disagreeable things become pleasant to remember. "I wonder," says "Jim" Whalen, "how many moons will pass before 'Jug' will look pleasant to the residents of First Prep." "Jim" takes to history as a "duck takes to water," but we can happily add that it hasn't the same effect as the water on the duck's back. Handfield is noted for his rapt attention in other people's work, and his inordinate

love for the word "hey?" All express their admiration for Lanouette's serious study of English, and the amount of lead pencils his energy consumes. Is he the author of the saying, "No matter how hard you drive a pen, a pencil must be lead"?

D'Arcy O'Connell, of "you, understood" fame, intends to do much cycling this summer. Why does "Freddy" Manley become so intensely interested when Bigot's name is mentioned? No doubt, "aving 'inged 'is" swaying mind to some passing monsoon or trade wind, Trickey often explored the regions of the Great Future during class hours through the medium of a deep snooze. In the opinion of the class "Jimmy" Bennett is good in Arithmetic, but according to his Competitions,—well, that's another story. Amos regales us with frequent outbursts of oratory, which some day may merit for him a place in Parliament. Belair seemed to reserve all his fire and action for the weekly declamations. Could Edward Burke tell us who is the author of that harmful volume, "Work, and how to avoid it"? "Frank" Duggan's class attendance may be summed up: "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in. Duggan."

Quinn's "May I read?" and Charlebois' "May I do the next sum?" are the recurring decimals of First Prep. Who's responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the freight car, loaded with gum? Ask Janin—he knows. Roger Christin looked at the serious side of things this year, and did surprisingly well, even though his "an-swears" were not always correct. "Harry" P. Donohue, whose middle name is Popularity, shows evidence of the severe strain the second term's work had upon him.

In closing this chronicle, we wish to express our honest regret at being forced to lay aside our books during the vacations to come.

THE CLASS.



## SECOND PREPARATORY

Within the walls where Sapphic strains  
Long since have ceased to play,  
Where Rhetoricians in sweet refrains  
Poured forth their roundelay,

Is seen to-day a class of boys,  
Of different size and age;  
Unknown to airs of stately poise,  
Yet all are bright and sage.

There's Hutchison and Basserman,  
With aptitudes concealed,  
Until with vim, O'Connell Dan  
Shouts, "Baseball," then they yield.

And Byrom follows on the hop,  
With Conway at his heels;  
While Baker calls out, "Kick a drop,"  
'Tis foot-ball time, he feels.

Then Charbonneau, with graceful stride,  
Comes strolling on behind;  
His tow'ring height is all his pride,  
All else he does not mind.

Next Coulson D., tho' never first,  
Asserts his rights when there;  
He argues loudly with the worst,  
Demanding Harrie's share.

Stuart and Rolph and Zimmerman  
Speak loudest of them all;  
Set rules, and order when they can,  
But seldom catch a ball.

Decary, Pierce, Menard and Smith,  
The meekest of the class;  
Hard workers all (this is a myth),  
Still wonder if they'll pass.

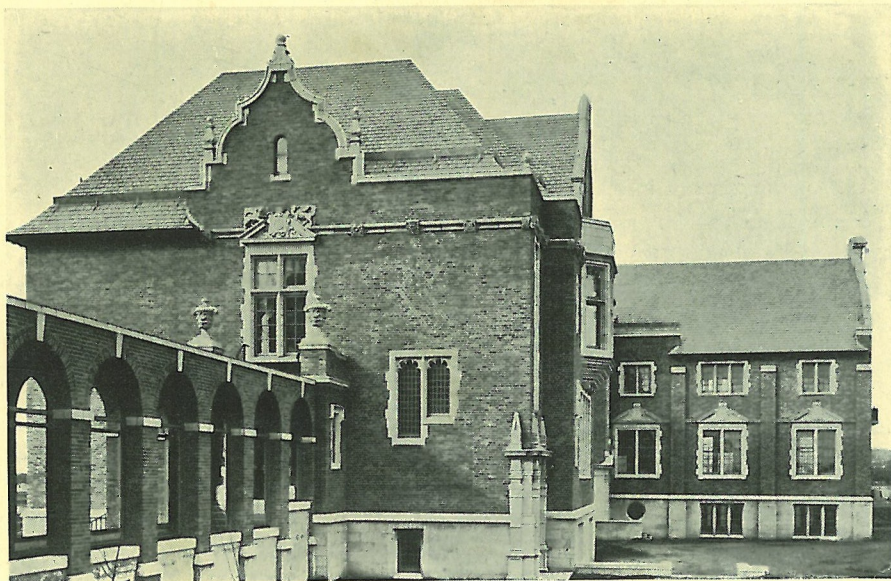
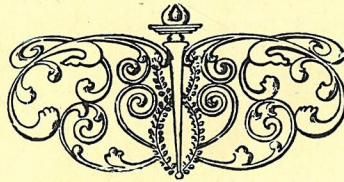
Villada, Huber, Walsh, and Gray  
Are striving to succeed;  
By working hard both night and day,  
The honor roll, may lead.

"See now," says Tynan, "'Spite of all,  
The work is not too hard";  
And Gobeil e'er in wisdom tall,  
Won't show his monthly card.

Our Nunez has been handicapped  
By sickness at the door;  
But Hough in lofty thoughts enwrapped  
Will lead the class no more.

And now, farewell bright twenty-three,  
Though gone, you're not forgot;  
Enjoy your "Vac.", from sin keep free,  
And heaven will be your lot.

"PARVULUS."



CORNER OF JUNIORS' BUILDING.



## College Athletics

### L.C.A.A.A. GAMES COMMITTEE, 1917-1918

*Moderator, Mr. F. J. Macdonald S.J.; President, Gaston Delisle; Vice-President, T. G. Walsh; Secretary, Joseph J. Ryan; Treasurer, J. M. O'Halloran.*  
*Officers: Jno. Wolfe, C. C. Phelan, E. McGarr, F. V. Hudon, M. Enright, G. Lonergan, W. Noonan, Thomas J. Walsh.*

### FIELD-DAY

The 1917 Field-Day was a great success from every point of view. The Campus was beautiful in its natural and artificial decorations, the weather was ideal and the crowd large and enthusiastic. Records were broken in every department. New high jump, broad jump, shot put and track records were established. The strength, speed and skill of the boys of 1917 exhibited much better form than that of previous years. Such facts speak well for the New College and the opportunities it affords for good healthy outdoor exercise.

The following new records were set:

High Jump .....	R. Kennedy,
	High School...5 ft. 6.5 in.
Broad Jump (under 16)...	A. Wendling...18 ft. 6 in.
Shot Put (16 lbs.).....	N. A. Timmins...34 ft. 9 in.
Throwing Baseball.....	M. Enright...314 ft. 10 in.
100 yards (under 16)....	A. Wendling...11 sec.

### TENNIS

A few years ago tennis was practically unknown to the majority of the College boys, but the introduction of the tournament in 1914 brought the sport prominently before their eyes. Since then the interest taken in the game has increased steadily. This year the tournament was played for the first time on our own College courts, thus enabling everyone to take part in the sets and to become more familiar with the game.

With favorable weather and the courts in splendid condition, the tournament was lively and interesting and marked throughout with fast playing. About 25 teams were entered in the league.

The results follow:

The committee wish to thank the following contributors to the L.C.A.A.A.:

Rev. Father Rector, Mr. L. Bradley, Mr. F. R. Burke, Mr. W. S. Gaynor, Mr. W. P. McVey, Mr. A. McGarr, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Timmins, Mr. Wm. Scully, Mr. H. J. Trihey, Col. C. F. Smith, Mr. Jos. M. Lapointe, Mr. P. J. McCrory, Mr. A. J. Hudon, Mrs. F. H. Carlin, Mr. F. H. Carlin, Mrs. J. H. Walsh, Miss Edna McCaffrey, Mr. E. W. Tobin, Mr. R. Hammond, Mrs. F. Manley, Rev. J. Flood, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. W. E. Hayes, Ald. T. O'Connell, Mrs. E. C. Amos, Mr. J. R. Keenan, Mr. R. Wickham, Mr. E. R. Decary, Mr. Jos. Ethier, Dr. J. G. McCarthy, Mr. G. Dillon, Hon. C. J. Doherty, Mr. W. P. O'Brien, Mr. D. M. Coughlin, Mr. A. D. McGillis, Mr. J. Cuddy, Mr. W. L. Scott, Mr. T. P. Tansey, Mr. M. Lonergan, Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Mr. T. Duckett, Mr. John Tobin, Mrs. Chabot, The Ladies of the Sanctuary Society.

### JUNIORS

#### FIRST ROUND

C. Scott and Dawson beat Chevanel and Galvin.  
 6-2 6-0  
 Lane and Smith beat Laverty and D. Walsh.  
 3-6 6-3 6-3  
 E. Anglin and Brennan beat J. Whalen and McDougal.  
 5-6 6-1 6-1  
 Hammond and T. Whalen beat Gallagos and Villada  
 6-1 6-3  
 Semple and Davis beat Quirk and S. McGarr.  
 6-4 6-5

#### SECOND ROUND

Whalen and Hammond beat Anglin and Brennan.  
 6-1 6-2  
 Lane and Smith beat Scott and Dawson.  
 6-2 6-1

#### SEMI FINALS

Semple and Davis beat Lane and Smith.  
 3-6 6-3 6-4

#### FINALS

Whalen and Hammond beat Davis and Semple.  
 6-0 6-4





ON THE TENNIS COURTS



TENNIS—*continued*

## SENIORS

## FIRST ROUND

Wickham and Bryan beat W. Scott and Tobin.  
6—1 6—4  
Villada and Gaynor beat R. E. Anglin and McGarr.  
6—5 6—4  
Vanier and H. Decary beat Coughlin and McGarr.  
6—0 6—0  
Gallegos and Quinlan beat Hearne and Wendling.  
6—1 5—6 6—5  
Rolland and Hartney beat Bray and E. McGarr.  
6—5 6—5  
Massé and R. Nunez beat Meagan and McMahon.  
6—3 4—6 6—5

## SECOND ROUND

Wickham and Bryan beat Rolland and Hartney.  
6—3 6—1  
Gallegos and Quinlan beat Massé and R. Nunez.  
6—3 6—4  
Gaynor and Villada beat Delisle and Lonergan.  
6—3 3—6 6—5

## SEMI FINALS

Gallegos and Quinlan beat Vanier and Decary.  
Wickham and Bryan beat Gaynor and Villada.  
6—4 3—6 6—1

## FINALS

Wickham and Bryan beat Gallegos and Quinlan.  
6—4 6—4

PAUL WICKHAM

## FOOTBALL



LOYOLA AT OTTAWA—October 8th, 1917

Vanier Wolfe McGarr Meegan O'Halloran McGarry  
Wickham Pye O'Brien Nunez Altimas Hough Villada Enright  
Coughlin Lonergan Walsh Delisle

## SENIOR TEAM

With five of last year's senior team and very promising new material available, conditions looked favorable for a strong senior team. Hence great enthusiasm was awakened, and this increased with each practice. Former members of the L.C.A.A.A.—stars of the gridiron as well as of the track and diamond—put the players through many a trying workout. Among those who gave time to the team were Noah and Leo Timmins, F. McGillis, John Gallery, and S. McDonald. M. J. Enright was elected captain.

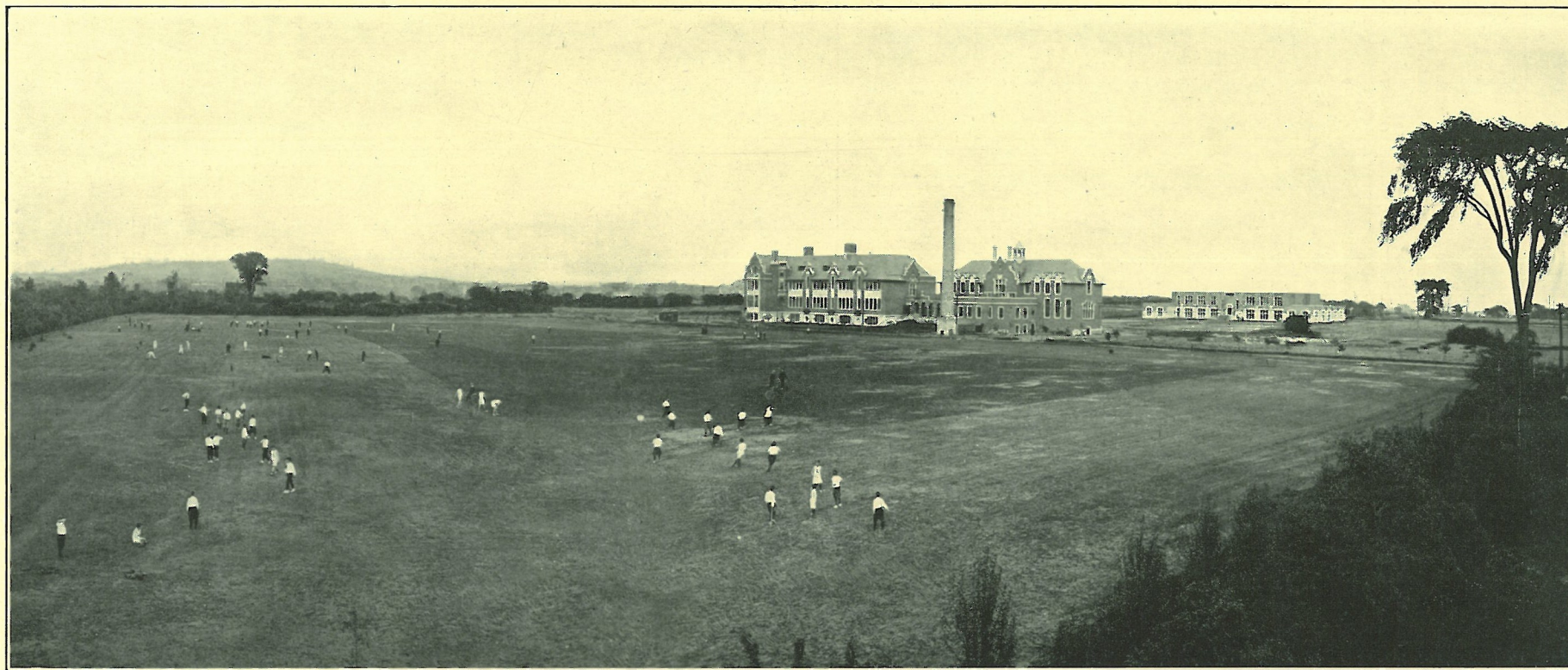
## Westmount vs. Loyola.

Our first game was on the College Campus. Westmount High School, though fast and extremely dangerous when opportunity lent itself, was decisively defeated.

October 7th—Loyola 0 Ottawa Collegiate 8.

Our annual clash with the Collegiate in Ottawa was scheduled for Oct. 7th. Special car arrangements were made for the team and some sixty students. A number of interested graduates and old boys accompanied them. They enjoyed the holiday to the full in spite of defeat.





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FOOTBALL—*continued*

The heavy field conditions at Lansdowne Park proved fatal to our comparatively light team, and the end runs of Lonergan and Enright, which were to be the salvation and hope of Loyola, were stalled in their very inception.

The return match was arranged for two weeks later on Loyola Campus. Owing to train arrangements Loyola was forced to decline the kind invitation of the O.C.I. to a dance and entertainment in their honor.

Loyola 11      Ottawa Collegiate 5.

In the first five minutes of play, Ryan scored a try, which was converted. Little, of the O.C.I., also succeeded in crossing the line, but failing to convert, the score at half time stood six to five in our favor. The visitors began to tire before the end. Our boys took advantage of this turn in their favor and slipped the ball to Enright. He was off like a shot. After a run of some sixty yards he laid the ball to rest behind their goals. The game was won. Later the visitors were entertained at luncheon.

## INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

The Intermediates had but few opportunities to compare their strength with outside teams. The

first clash was with Westmount on Loyola Campus, but was far too easy and one-sided to be exciting. The final score stood 15 to 5 in our favor. The Westmounters were not discouraged. They knew they had good material. A return game was arranged for two weeks later. This contest on Westmount Park proved far more exciting and strenuous than the previous encounter. It was anyone's game up till the last minute. Our boys fought pluckily to the bitter end, winning the game by the narrow margin of 13-11.

## INTER-CLASS FOOTBALL

The exhibition games played by Seniors and Intermediates by no means represent the season's entire football schedule. The Inter-class idea had worked so marvellously in the other lines of sport that it was considered advisable to try it in Rugby. It was in this department that it really manifested its merits. Space precludes details of these Inter-class contests. Their effect on sport was such that we sincerely hope this scheme will work in years to come the wonders it has done this past year. More boys take part in the games, greater enthusiasm and love for good healthy exercise prevails, and healthier and happier college life is the result.



## INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM

Standing—McGarr   Villada   Decary   Wendling   Plunkett   Day   Altimas  
                          Gallegos   Tobin   Nunez  
 Sitting—Wickham   Carrol   Kelly   Anglin   McMahon





## SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM—1917-18

The College Team were runners-up in the Montreal City League this year, playing off for the Championship with McGill University Seniors

Standing—C. Trihey	S. McDonald	Mr. F. J. McDonald, S.J.	Slater	Mowatt
Seated—J. Hough	McGee	G. Lonergan	A. Clement	H. Decary
		L. Clement		



## HOCKEY

Serious doubts existed at the beginning of the season as to the possibility of our continuing in the City League. Gallery, Dooner and McGillis had finished and gone to McGill, Courchesne to Laval, and the Timmins Brothers were unable to play with us. Thus four of our last year regulars and two of our first spares were missing.

As the sequel showed, however, we were found amply justified in casting our lot with the other Big Teams of the City League. Though by far the youngest and lightest team, we claim the honor of scoring the highest number of goals during the scheduled season. We almost doubled our record of last year and incidentally of the next nearest high scoring team of this year, viz., McGill.

## LEAGUE GAMES

December 18th—Loyola 7—Shamrocks 3.

In the first league game, we won easily from Shamrocks. In the first period, Shamrocks tallied two goals while Loyola netted but one. In the second half, Lonergan ran in three goals in bewildering succession. Slater added two more and "Irish" slammed in his fourth.

January 7th—Loyola 3—McGill 4.

Loyola was beaten by the odd goal in seven on Jan. 7th. The "Star" reports the game as being as good an exhibition of amateur hockey as has been seen in Montreal for many years. The superior weight of McGill coupled with its long line of substitutes both of which they used to good effect won the game for the University.

January 14th—Loyola 1—Canadian Vickers 1.

This game was fast and spectacular, but disappointing to Loyola, as they thought they ought to have done better than tie the score.

January 21st—Loyola 3—Laval 1.

Our losses and disappointments had now reached the climax. Henceforth we were to treat our supporters with a long list of brilliant victories, which soon marked our team as the one to be contended with for the championship.

The victory over Laval was a brilliant one. The University colors were lowered for the first time in the series, and Loyola rose again into second place, tying with McGill and the Irishmen. The scoring honors fell to Mowatt and Clement.

January 28th—Loyola 6—National 2.

This victory was an easy one for our boys. From now onward there was never any doubt as to the

intentions of the wearers of the maroon and white. They had two beautiful cups packed away from last year, and they meant to hold on to them.

February 4th—Loyola 3—Shamrocks 2.

Loyola again triumphed. Our young goal-tender, Hough, was now holding his own with the best of them. During the course of the evening the Vickers downed Laval, and Loyola and McGill were at the head of the League, positions they held until the end of the schedule.

March 6th—Loyola 2—McGill 2.

In this game the championship of the City League was practically at stake. Before the largest crowd that has witnessed a City League game this season, McGill and Loyola staged the best game of amateur hockey that has ever been seen in the League (Montreal Star). To Loyola must be given the credit of playing their six regulars throughout this strenuous contest without using a substitute or drawing a single penalty. At the end of time the score was tied. The championship would have to be played off between Loyola and McGill, but the schedule was over for the year.

Loyola was defeated in the game to decide the Championship, but showed the true sporting spirit in the way they accepted unexpected defeat. The L.C.A.A. wishes to congratulate McGill University on their decisive victory.

## FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Drn.	Lost	Agt.	Pts.
Loyola.....	7	2	1	21	16
McGill.....	7	2	1	12	16
Shamrocks.....	5	1	4	24	11
Laval.....	4	0	6	31	8
National.....	3	0	7	38	6
Can. Vickers.....	1	1	8	32	3

## INTER-CLASS GAMES

The Inter-class games were a decided success. Besides bridging over the quiet periods, they gave to all an opportunity to get into the game and fight for their class. After a long and fascinating struggle, the championship honors of both sections, fell to First Grammar. The beautiful shield now hangs side by side with the elaborate Timmins' snowshoe Trophy on the walls of the First Grammar classroom. Second Grammar proved a very formidable rival, and had it not been for the exceptionally poor condition of the Coliseum ice, the results might have been altogether different.

T. W. M.







Top Panel—JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAMS  
Lower Oval Panel—SECOND GRAMMAR JUNIORS

Slanting Panel—A SCORE?  
Lower Panel—SECOND vs. THIRD GRAMMAR



## BASKET BALL

Basket ball at Loyola has flourished exceeding during the past year. Pursued ingloriously at the Old College, it was dropped completely for two years, but taken up again with renewed interest this spring. Our first attempt at the game was the entry of a team in the Shamrock A. A. A. Tournament. It was defeated of course by the Shamrock squad, but at least gained practical experience, if nothing else, for the coming season.

As in the baseball the League was divided into two sections, Senior and Junior. First Grammar won the Shield in the former, Second Grammar Juniors in the latter. The games were scheduled for 3.30 on class days, the time being divided up so that a senior and a junior game could be run off in the interval between class and study. The large crowd that was always to be found around the court showed that the interest in the game was more than a passing one.

If some of the players at first knew little or nothing about the rules, their very inex-

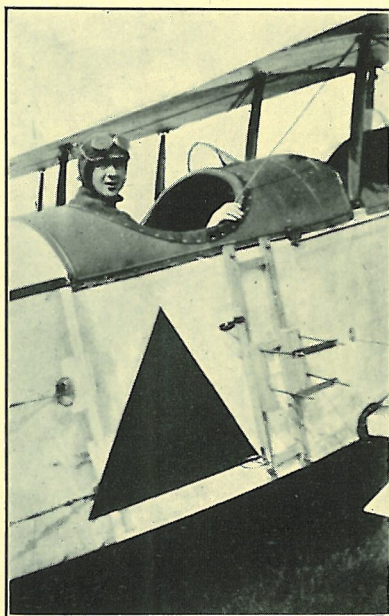
perience added zest and amusing incidents to the game. It took some time before our enthusiastic rugby players could be persuaded that a flying tackle was not "the correct thing to do" but once convinced of it, they played up in proper style, like all the rest. Every spare moment of the day was utilized by boarders and day-scholars alike in practising for the games, and more than one has shown that he had the qualities of a good basket ball player latent within him. The standing of the League is as follows:

## SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Teams	P.	W.	L.	For	Agt.
Fourth year . . . . .	4	3	1	69	44
Third year . . . . .	3	1	2	35	32
Second year . . . . .	3	1	2	23	51
Rhetoric . . . . .	(No team.)				

## JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Teams	P.	W.	L.	For	Agt.
Third year Juniors	4	4	0	71	14
Rudiments . . . . .	4	2	2	26	34
Second year Juniors	5	2	3	34	59
Preparatory . . . . .	3	0	3	13	37



"JACK" McMARTIN  
Old Loyola ('08-'16)

*Mr. McMARTIN has recently graduated from the Curtis Flying School, and is now with the R.A.F.*



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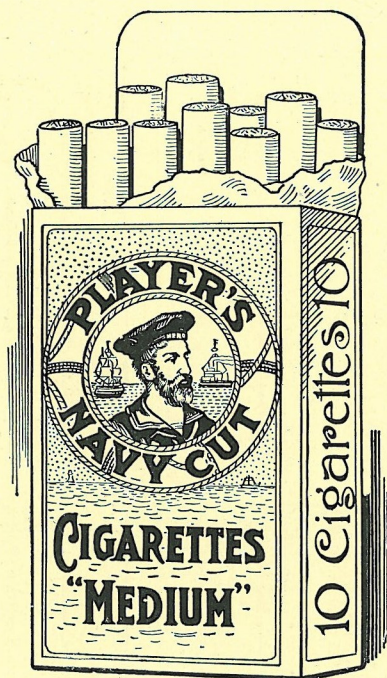
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## FINAL RESULTS OF FIELD-DAY EVENTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height, Distance	Record
OPEN TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES					
100 yds. dash.....	R. Kennedy (H.S.)	F. Bussiere.....	M. Enright.....	10.3-5"	10.1-5" (P. Murphy, 1912)
100 yds. dash (under 16 yrs.)	A. Wendling.....	F. Ballon (H.S.)	G. Gleeson.....	11.1-5"	11", B. Brown, 1915
High Jump.....	R. Kennedy (H.S.)	G. Villada.....	(F. Bussiere..... J. McGarry.....)	5 ft. 6½ ins.	{ 5 ft. 6½ ins. R. Kennedy, 1917
OPEN TO COLLEGE					
100 yds. dash.....	M. Enright.....	F. Kearns.....	G. Palardy.....	10.3-5"	10.1-5", J. Gallery, 1914
220 yds. dash.....	G. Palardy.....	F. Bussiere.....	M. Enright.....	26"	23", J. Gallery, 1915
120 yd. Hurdles.....	M. Enright.....	G. Palardy.....	E. McGarr.....	18"	16 2-5" (A. E. Ray, 1898)
1 mile.....	W. Quinn.....	E. McGarr.....	R. McMahon.....	5' 55"	5' 5", F. Shallow, 1900
Broad jump.....	A. Wendling.....	M. Enright.....	G. Villada.....	19 feet	20ft. 11in, J. Gallery, 1915
Pole Vault.....	T. Bracken.....	J. McGarry.....	R. Dooner.....	8 ft. 4 ins.	8 ft. 4 ins. T. Bracken, 1915.
Putting Shot.....	N. Timmins.....	P. Sentenne.....	R. Dooner.....	34 ft. 9 ins.	34 ft. 9 ins. N. Timmins, 1917
Throwing Baseball.....	M. Enright.....	G. Villada.....	W. Lapointe.....	314 ft. 10 ins.	314 ft. 10 ins., M. Enright 1917
UNDER 16 YEARS					
100 yds. dash.....	A. Wendling.....	G. Gleeson.....	R. McMahon.....	11"	11", A. Wendling, 1917
220 yds. dash.....	A. Wendling.....	G. Gleeson.....	R. McMahon.....	26 1-5 "	26 1-5" (G. Noonan, 1914)
440 yds. dash.....	F. Kearns.....	J. Kannon.....	W. Quinn.....	59"	58", G. Noonan, 1914
880 yds. dash.....	G. Gleeson.....	A. Wendling.....	W. Scott.....	2' 35"	2' 26", G. Noonan, 1914
Long Jump.....	A. Wendling.....	G. Gleeson.....	J. Altimas.....	18 ft. 6½ ins.	18 ft. 6½ ins., A. Wendling, 1917
14 YEARS AND UNDER					
100 yds. dash.....	G. Altimas.....	P. Masse.....	H. Del Sole.....	12"	12", G. Altimas, 1917
880 yds. dash.....	G. Altimas.....	C. Leprohon.....	P. Masse.....	2' 35"	2' 35", G. Altimas, 1917
Obstacle Race.....	T. Laverty.....	C. Davis.....	J. Whalen.....		
12 YEARS AND UNDER					
100 yds. dash.....	T. MacDonald.....	J. Whalen.....	H. Pangman.....	13 3-5"	13 3-5", T. MacDonald, 1917
Potato Race.....	G. Decary.....	D. O'Connell.....	F. Manley.....		
10 YEARS AND UNDER					
100 yds. dash.....	T. MacDonald.....	R. Basserman.....	F. Manley.....	14 3-5"	14 3-5", T. MacDonald, 1917
ONE MILE RELAY					
High School Course.....	4th year.....	3rd year.....	1st year.....		4' 6", 4th year, 1914
Arts course.....	2nd year.....	4th year.....	3rd year.....		3' 45", Philosophy, 1915
OLD BOYS' RACE					
150 yds. dash.....	Dr. G. Griffith.....	Mr. G. A. Coughlin.....	Lieut. E. Duckett.....		





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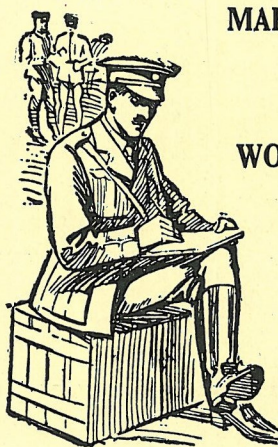
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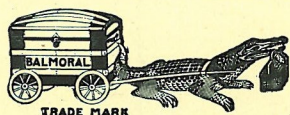
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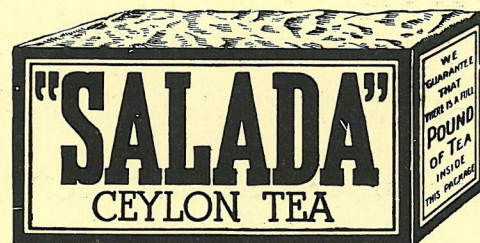
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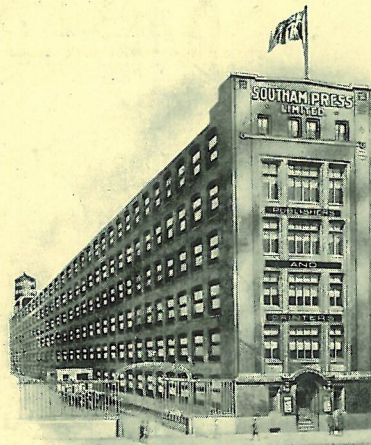
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